THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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TORY TACTICS.

Exposed and Denounced by the Able Organ of the English Republicans—Fossils Handled Without Gloves.

Reynolds' Newspaper Charges the English Government With a Desire to Keep the "Masses" in Ignorance for the Benefit of the "Classes."

The great Tory conspiracy for parsonizing the public elementary schools proceeds apace. What do the poor fools who tried their utmost to keep out Progressive candidates at the general election, because they hated the Liberals more than they loved the Tories, think now of their amateurish bungling in connection with politics? The education of our young people is by far the most important question of public policy. Every church is aware of this, and there is nothing about which they battle more strenuously than the capturing of the education of the young. The Tories are now handing over that education to the custody of the State parsons—the men who figure every day in the police and divorce courts, the relatives of the landocracy, the stupidest sons of county families, the most ignorant and bitter Tories in the kingdom.

Oh, it is a precious government! Hardly in power, they commenced at once to bribe their friends out of the public treasury. The price of meat is to be raised by the prohibition of the importation of live animals from other countries; the landlords are to receive a gift of £2,000,000 yearly, the greater part of which is contributed by the town populations; the Established church is to receive a fresh endowment for its schools, beyond the £6,000,000 levied on the land for the tithe tax. There is ancient, hereditary, characteristic Toryism, whose policy may be summed up in a word or two—robbery of the people for the benefit of the classes. Where are the working-class measures which they promised? Where are last winter's snows? Toryism being, as Lord Beaconsfield said, an "organized hypocrisy," the party is only acting up to its traditional policy. There is so much ignorance abroad that many are now unaware that the Tories were the unrelenting oppressors of the people until they were forced to pretend that they showed some respect for public opinion, in consequence of the Franchise acts which the Liberals secured.

There has been a long and somewhat wearisome debate in the house of commons on the Education bill. The position, however, is simple enough. The Tories propose to revert absolutely the board school policy, to increase the endowments of the State church and to shackle the growth of national expenditure on education. The amount of the new church endowment will be for the present about £500,000 a year; but this will increase as the parsons gradually absorb the children in other schools. The mode in which the endowment is to be distributed is truly remarkable. Thus London will receive £40,000; Bradford, £1,960; Preston, which has no school rate, £3,300; Huddersfield, £850 St. Helens, with no school rate, £2,610; that is to say, the towns which need relief the most are to get the least. The Irish and Scotch taxdayers, who will receive nothing, will have to contribute to the new grant.

The Tories have put an effectual block to the further education of the people. They are alarmed lest the masses should become too intelligent. They attribute Socialism to the Board schools. Their policy, therefore, is to lower the standard of education and to parsonize it in the State schools. Their infamous Established Church Schools Endowment bill, as this so-called Education act might be styled, puts a definite limit on any further expenditure in the direction of popular education. At the same time it gives a further grant for secondary education. That is to say, the education of the well-to-do is to be encouraged, that of the poor to be discouraged. "Knowledge is power," says the proverb. The classes intend to keep the knowledge to themselves. They have acted consistently on this policy. Witness the robbery from the people of the Universities, the great public schools, and all the considerable grammar, endowed and charity schools in the kingdom.

The only satisfactory feature of the bill is that the school age for children is raised from 11 to 12 years. At present there are some 200,000 unfortunate little English slaves, under 12 years of age, whom "Christian" England forces to work half their school time in factories and mines. England is the only civilized country that treats its children so badly. Why do not the canting humbugs who assemble every May at Exeter Hall send missionaries among the English slave owners? Why? Because many of these Mawworms are themselves shareholders in slave owning concerns. The hypocrites will not allow their "Christianity" to interfere with the profits made out of the lives of young children, a system which might be described as industrial baby-farming.

The state of rural education under the parsons is shocking. Its results may be seen in the general dullness, not to say stupidity, of our agricultural population. They know hardly anything, they can scarcely read or write, and they have no knowledge whatever on any topics of general interest. This is the material the church schools turns out. But this is not the worst. The parochial schools absolutely degrade. The pupils are taught habits of subserviency. They are to look up to their "betters," and the standard by which they are to judge as to their "beters" is simply one of money and possessions, without any reference to moral character or intellectual worth. They are also taught to grovel before artificial rank; and, generally, the teaching is interlarded with the doctrine of bowing and scraping, as opposed to the Christian belief of the equality of all men in the eyes of God. In these respects the church schools are positively irreligious and anti-Christian.

Furthermore it is well known that the church schools are forcing-beds of Toryism. The parson is generally too stupid to be anything but a Tory. He bosses the petticoated brigades of the Primrose League. He is hand and glove with the squire, and takes the squire's views of men, matters and politics. If any villager is intelligent and independent enough to think for himself, the parson organizes a boycott, in which he is eagerly assisted by the vindictive and superfluous females of that body of leisured and unnecessary people known as the "county families."

Yet the Education bill has been carried in the house of commons by the enormous majority of 257, made up of 386 Tories, 51 Nationalists and 1 Liberal. When the bill becomes law we shall see the beginning of a steady retrogression of opinion on public matters.

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Our own position about the schools is well understood. We are of opinion that the taxpayers—people of all kinds of religion or of no religion—should not be called upon to support denominational schools. Let the churches teach as much of their variegated and varying religious as they like to children at the proper time and place, but the public schools and the school hours are neither the place nor time. The taxpayers should desire to pay for a commercial article, something of material value to the state, namely, education on secular subjects.

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It is melancholy to reflect that the end of the nineteenth century is witnessing, not the disestablishment and disendowment of a particularly worldly form of religion, but its re-establishment and fresh endowment. This is one of the fruits of a Tory government. The people themselves deliberately prepared the rod which is now falling on their back. It is but just retribution that it should fall heavily and often.—Reynolds' Newspaper.

CHURCH OF ST. AGNES.

Archbishop Feehan Dedicates the New House of Worship.

St. Agnes' Catholic church of Chicago Heights, the first of the denomination in that suburb, was dedicated last Sunday by Archbishop Feehan, assisted by half a dozen clergymen. An excursion train of twenty cars on the Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad took out hundreds from the city to witness the ceremonies. Among them were 200 of Father Lambert's United States Juniors, delegations from various societies, and several bands and drum corps. The visitors were received by the local band. A column was formed, with the clergy in carraiges, and a parade to the new church followed. John McLaughlin was chief marshal, and his aids were Thomas Spencer, William Malone and Austin Turner.

The church has a seating capacity of about 300, but scarcely a fourth of those who came could gain admission. Archbishop Feehan began the ceremonies by blessing the structure and sprinkling it with holy water. Solemn high mass was then celebrated with all the ceremony known to the church. Rev. P. J. Tinan was the celebrant, Rev. Stuart McDonald was the deacon, Rev. P. C. Conway was the subdeacon, Rev. John Gillan acted as master of ceremonies, Rev. T. Clancy acted as thurifer and James Hines was the assistant to Archbishop Feehan. Rev. William Foley, is pastor of the church, and Father Clancy is his assistant.

The choir, in charge of Mrs. W. A. Foley and Miss Nellie Lynch, made the music a fine part of the programme. It was composed of Mesdames Dalton, Foley, Welch and Merkler, sopranos; Mrs. Whalen, Mrs. Scanlan, Miss Lynch and Miss Marthaler, altos; Messrs. Schultz and Schacker, tenors; Messrs. Cauley and Fuhrmann, bassos.

At the conclusion of the mass Archbishop Feehan made a short address explaining the foundation of Catholic faith and the significance of dedicating places of worship. He congratulated the Catholics of Chicago Heights on the erection of so creditable a building, and assured them they had every reason to be glad and thankful. The idea of God implies worship, continued the ecclesiast. It is true that God is everywhere and can be worshipped everywhere. That was the cry of the psalmist, and he gave voice to the cry of the human soul in acknowlenging God's universal presence and the need of worship; yet, from the earliest times, men set apart special places for the worship of the creator. The setting aside of these special places has always been accompanied by sacred ceremonies.

Sometimes the houses of God are the humblest of structures, said the archbishop. On the other hand some of the noblest works of human genius and art are to be found in the Catholic temples scattered over the world. But in the noblest and humblest there are to be found the same sacraments, the same worship, the same faith all through the world, in civilized and in uncivilized lands alike. The poorest as well as the grandest of these temples are the centers of the Catholic church.

"It is necessary that men come together that the faith of religion may be explained," said Archbishop Feehan, in tracing the authority of the Catholic church. "Faith is the foundation of everything in the world to come. It is God's first gift to the human soul." After calling attention to the fallibility of the teaching of mere men, the speaker traced the descent of the Catholic church direct from the apostles. Christ left behind a body to which He gave his authority and with which He deposited the truth.

"There is divine teaching in the Catholic church," declared the archbishop. "There is no middle course. Either we must accept in fullness the teaching of the word of God as presented by the Catholic church, or we must reject it utterly. Christ said: 'Go teach what I have taught.' His injunction is obeyed by the Catholic church in all lands, to high and low, rich and poor, to philosopher and to savage. There is no place so sacred to the Catholic as the place where he worships his God, and hence its dedication by these holy ceremonies."

Archbishop Feehan concluded the service by confirming a class of twelve persons. Among those in the congregation were President Flanner of the village board and the trustees. Among those from the city were E. S. Dreyer and his daughters, Misses Florence and Lotta Dreyer; C. H. Wacker and M. H. Kilgallen.

The excursionists were entertained at lunch after the ceremonies in a grove near the church. Tents and tables had been provided, and the local band gave a concert. Archbishop Feehan, the clergymen and several prominent visitors were entertained at a dinner served at the Victoria hotel. The party was afterward driven about the village to marvel at the number of factories and handsome homes.

St. Agnes' church is a frame structure costing about $10,000. Its interior is finished in light woods, with walls tinted in fawn and ceiling paneled in terra cotta. It has stained glass windows, the gifts of loyal supporters, and some of them serve as memorials to the departed. The windows bear the names of Mrs. Ellen Kilcullin, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Kelley, Jacob Bonath, Hugh J. Jones, John Magner, Moritz Lustig, Mary O'Heru and Patrick Flynn. The stations of the cross also bear the names of donors.

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES.

The annual convention of the United Irish societies will be held on Sunday, June 21, at 3 p.m., at Fitzgerald's hall, Halstead and Adams streets. All Irish-American societies and councils of the Irish National Alliance, are invited to send delegates.

J. J. MAHONEY, President.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

How to Form Councils.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, C. O'Connor McLoughlin, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

The Arapahoe Picnic.

The annual family picnic of the Arapahoe Club will take place on Sunday July 5, at Burlington Park. Tickets can only be secured from members of the club. Those who have enjoyed the pleasure of being present at former picnics can bear testimony to select company and an enjoyable occasion.

It is intended to make the coming picnic surpass all former entertainments given by this hospitable club.

C. & A. National Convention Rates.

$7.50 Chicago to St. Louis and return, and $4.25 single trip fare Chicago to St. Louis. Tickets sold June 13, 14 and 15, 1896. The Chicago & Alton is the line selected by the McKinley clubs from Chicago, whose special train will leave Chicago at 11:00 p.m., Monday, June 13, 1896. Full particulars can be had from R. Somerville, General Agent passenger department, 101 Adams street, Marquette building, Chicago, Illinois.

The Gaelic League.

The Chicago Gaelic League meets every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, in the offices of the City Clerk, first floor of City Hall Building (entrance through room 119, right opposite stairway). This society is organized solely for the instruction of Irish men and women in the fluent tongue of their ancestors, and presents an opportunity of which all Irish people should avail themselves without delay. The Gaelic League bars not religion or sect, admission and instruction by competent teachers being absolutely free to all. For information as to forming branches, or studying Gaelic individually, for books, etc., write to the secretary, Francis Nolan O'Mahony, 354 East Chicago avenue.

IN THE DOCK.

How James Stephens and John O'Leary Met the Judicial Minions of England Face to Face and Hurled at Them Words of Indignant Eloquence.

Neither of Those Determined "Rebels" Would Admit of the Existence of Such a Thing as British "Law" in Ireland.

The rise of the Irish Republican movement has already been briefly sketched. Stephens was the central figure of the movement and its chief organizer. He owned no master, and until the year 1866, when he lost the confidence of the Fenian party in America, his word was the law of the organization. He was at Ballingarry with Smith O'Brien, and, with the exception of Terence Bellew McManus, was, perhaps, the only practical revolutionist there present. Though severely wounded by the fire of the police, he managed to escape, and shortly afterwards left the country. In Paris, that foster city of revolutionary movements, John O'Mahony and himself became familiar with the workings of secret organizations, and determined to revert to the methods of Tone and the United Irishmen in another movement for Ireland's liberty. The two great wings of the Irish people, one on each side of the Atlantic, should be organized this time. The work of building up the movement in America was beset with difficulty, while the work at home was full of danger. Both the conspirators were anxious for the more dangerous mission, and many a long consultation was held before it was ultimately decided that Stephens should return to Ireland and O'Mahony proceed to America.

"The Captain," as he afterwards became known in the organization, traveled through the country on foot, leaving scarcely any town of importance untouched, everywhere sounding the depth of national feeling and sowing the seeds of a new hope. The movement took steady hold, and soon the Irish Republican Brotherhood was a greater force than any that was arrayed on the side of Irish Nationality since Tone enlisted the aid of France. The Irish People, newspaper, the organ of the Brotherhood, boldly preached the creed of independence, and, like the United Irishman and Irish Tribune, gave lessons in military tactics. The year 1865, in spite of O'Mahony's repeated protests and warnings, was to be the year of action according to the public proclamation of Stephens. The government, with its spies in the very headquarters of the society, waited until preparations were in an advanced state, and until American officers began thronging to Ireland to take part in the contemplated outbreak. Suddenly the police swooped down on the Irish People office and arrested every person connected with its staff whom they could lay hands on. Arrests were now the order of the day, and soon the prisons throughout the country were filled with men who had hoped before the passing of many weeks to be in arms in Ireland. Still the government was not happy, for although seen in Dublin on the very day the paper was seized, nowhere could the chief organizer be found. There was little use in crushing the Republican movement so long as the man who had mainly created it was free to build up another. That he was in Dublin there could be little doubt.

Mrs. Stephens, who was well known to the detectives, was seen repeatedly in town, but all attempts to trace her place of living had failed. There was nothing for it but a house to house visitation, which was at once undertaken. In Sandymount, where the captain's wife was seen on a few occasions, the search went on briskly, and the attention of the detectives was aroused by the suspicious movements of the tenant of Fairfield house, a detached villa at the end of Titonville avenue, on whom but few people called, and who was seldom seen abroad. It was while the attention of the detectives were thus concentrated that Mrs. Stephens was seen to leave the house in the morning, and return to it in the afternoon. Suspicions were now fully aroused, and the house was closely watched. Mrs. Stephens was seen to again leave the house on Thursday, Nov. 1865, and was tracked all day through the city by female detectives. She re-entered Fairfield house in the evening, and did not again leave it. On Friday a warrant to search the house was obtained, and on Saturday morning, before the inhabitants of the district were astir, the Great Head Centre was in the hands of the government. A desperate resistance was looked forward to by the authorities, but the arrest was quietly effected. The find at Fairfield house proved a rich one, for with Stephens were captured Kickham, Hugh Brophy and Edward Duffy, three men also very badly "wanted." One wonders nowadays why no attempt at resistance was made. Revolvers were to hand readily, and the police were admitted before Stephens knew anything of their force. Duffy, Kickham and Brophy were in bed when the detectives entered, and Stephens was undressed. The prisoners were carried away to the Castle, and were "examined" before Mr. Stronge. Here is a description of Stephens by one who was present at the Police Commissioner's Office on the day of his arrest:—

Stephens—for who would not recognize the reputed Fenian chief in that fresh-colored, fair-haired man at the head of the table, with the quick, piercing eyes, and firmly cut, decisive style of countenance?—sits tapping the table with his gloved hand, and no signs of grief or depression are visible about him! His keen, small eyes, which appear weak and sore this morning, explore every corner of the room, and search every face with a quick, intelligent expression. No man knows better than himself how dreary are his prospects, or can form a more accurate opinion as to the future before him; yet, if he thinks on these subjects at all—if his thoughts stray back to the quiet villa by the Dodder, or to the friends in America who will be dismayed by his capture—his meditations leave no trace on his unwrinkled brow. He appears—or strives to appear—positively in good humour; he laughs and jests with his companions in misfortune, evidently exerting himself to rally their spirits and prevent them from exhibiting the feelings which he himself either did not experience or carefully suppressed. Stephens appeared about five feet seven inches in height, and is one of a stout, muscular build. The front of his head is bald; but his light-colored hair falls in ringlets about his neck, and this, together with his flowing beard and moustache, gives him a decidedly remarkable appearance. He looks a man of deep penetration and firm resolve—clever rather than talented, and more of the intriguer than the statesman. Looking at him, it is not difficult to account for the fascination which he is said to have exercised over his followers; a quiet, sarcastic smile, not far removed from a sneer, is constantly on his lips; and his quiet, measured voice, joined with the ferret-like glances of his eyes, impress one with the idea that he is in the presence of a man out of the common mould.

The proceedings of the day were merely formal and without interest, and were only noticeable for Stephens' declaration that he would employ no lawyer or attorney to defend him. On the following Tuesday they were again brought up, and sufficient evidence given against them to justify a remand to the Commission, before which Luby, O'Leary, and Rossa were also to be tried. When asked by the presiding magistrate whether he had anything to say, Stephens was advised by Mr. Lawless, an attorney engaged for some of the prisoners already under remand, not to say anything, and he retorted, "You look upon this matter as a lawyer I look upon it as a patriot." Mr. Stronge reminded him that there were others involved in the charge, and Stephens replied that he had as much consideration for these gentlemen as any other person had.

Mr. Stronge—I shall be bound to take down what you say in reference to the charge.

Stephens—Take it down.

Stephens here rose to his feet, and, folding his arms, said: I feel bound to say, with an eye to my own reputation—that I employed no attorney or lawyer in this case, and that I mean to employ none; because, in making a plea of any kind, or a defence—I am not particularly well up in those legal terms—but I say in putting in a plea or making a defence of any kind, I should be recognizing British law in Ireland. Now, I deliberately and conscientiously repudiate the existence of that law in Ireland, its right, or even its existence in Ireland, and defy any punishment—and despise any punishment—it can inflict upon me. I have spoken it.

Mr. Stronge—Then I apprehend that with reference to the charge against you you make no statement?

Stephens—Nothing whatever. I have said all I have to say.

This was on Nov. 14, and the Commission was to commence its sittings on the 27th. Two days, however, before the Commission sat, Stephens escaped from Richmond jail, and the excitement in the city was intense. The Castle was convulsed with anger. The governor of the prison was suspended, warders were arrested, and huge placards offering rewards for the re-arrest of the famous C. O. I. R. appeared on the dead walls. All in vain, however. Stephens was never recaptured. He remained in Dublin for over three months, and then, accompanied by Col. Kelly, escaped, via Kilmarnock and London, to Paris. He remained in that city about a month, and then left for America. It would have been well for the future of the organization he did so much to create, and for his own reputation, if he had awaited his trial, and served his period of penal servitude with the other leaders of the movement.

The Commission opened on Nov. 27, 1865, and Luby was the first placed on trial. While the jury was absent considering their verdict in his case, John O'Leary was put forward. The Clerk of the Crown asked him was he ready for trial. He answered that he had no choice, as the Crown was ready. "Are you guilty or not guilty?" "It is the government of this country, with its informers and spies, who are guilty." The jury was carefully selected, and the trial proceeded. Butt and Dowse being retained for the prisoner. "When he stepped into the dock," says a press correspondent, "there stood at the bar, to all men's view, a fine, handsome man, of gentlemanlike appearance and deportment, apparently under 35 years of age. O'Leary is about the middle height. His hair is dark, long, and thick; his moustache and beard are of the same color, the latter flowing profusely over his breast; his prominent Roman nose and deep, piercing eye, set beneath fine eyebrows and a noble forehead, give an air of great command and determination to his countenance. And he not only seems, but is a gentleman: in mind, in manner, in education, and social position. He belongs to one of the most worthy, amiable, and respectable Catholic families in Tipperary."

The trial lasted from the first of December until the 6th, the chief witness being, as in the case of Luby, the informer Nagle, who had been employed as a folder in the office of the Irish People.

When called upon to say why sentence should not be passed upon him he replied: "I was not wholly unprepared for this verdict, because I felt that the government which had packed the bench would take care to secure the jurors."

Mr. Justice Fitzgerald—We are willing to hear you, but we cannot allow language of that kind.

The prisoner then said: Mr. Luby admitted that he was technically guilty, according to British law; but I say that it is only by the most torturing interpretation that these men could make out their case against me. With reference to this conspiracy there has been much misapprehension in Ireland, and serious misrepresentation. Mr. Justice Keogh said in his charge against Mr. Luby that men would be always found ready, for money or from some other motive, to place themselves at the disposal of the government, and to make known the designs of the conspirators. No doubt there have been always found men ready to place themselves at the disposal of the government, but I think that the men who have been generally bought in this way, and who certainly made the best of the bargain, were agitators and not rebels. I have to say one word in reference to the foul charge for which that miserable man, Barry, has made me responsible.

Mr. Justice Fitzgerald—We cannot allow that tone of observation.

The Prisoner—That man has charged me—I need not defend myself or my friends from the charge—I shall merely denounce the moral assassin. Mr. Justice Keogh, the other day, spoke of revolutions, and administered a lecture to Mr. Luby. He spoke of cattle being driven away, and houses being burned down, that men would be killed, and so on. I would like to know if all that does not apply to war as well as to revolution? One word more and I will have done. I have been found guilty of treason—or of treason felony. Treason is a foul crime. The poet Dante consigns traitors to, I believe, the ninth circle of hell: but what kind of traitors? Traitors against the king, against country, against friends, and against benefactors. England is not my country. I have betrayed no friend, no benefactor. Sidney and Emmet were legal traitors. Jeffreys was a loyal man, so was Norbury. I leave the matter there.

Here is a description of O'Leary's speech, and the final scene, taken from a newspaper of the period: He begins with great hesitancy, in a low, deep, hollow tone of voice. In the matter of his speech and the manner of his delivery, it was quite the reverse of Luby's. He scowls at the judges, and tells them the bench as well as the jury has been packed—and is accordingly interrupted and "reproved" by Judge Fitzgerald. He points to the crown lawyers and hisses at them as "those men there." He seems altogether too much agitated by anger, scorn, and defiance, to find words, or deliver them without long pauses and great hesitancy. In fine, unlike Luby, he spoke very ineffectively; but little recked he of "effect." Of all the men in the conspiracy, he surely was the most, or one of the most, disinterested, as he was the most determined, fearless, and devoted; the least actuated by vanity, ambition, or passion. Justice Fitzgerald passes sentence, and doing so, expresses deep sympathy for the prisoner and pain at the duty he is about to discharge. But, alas! that sympathy and those feelings are disregarded in the sentence, for it is a severe one—"Twenty Years' Penal Servitude!"

There is a low murmur of emotion, which is suddenly hushed. O'Leary turns from the bar, and, with pride and defiance in his mein, walks out of the dock.

The facts of Mr. O'Leary's career are well known. He was born in the town of Tipperary, and was educated at the Queen's college, Cork. With Philip Grey and others he entered into a plot to rescue the state prisoners in 1848. Pigott, in his "Recollections of an Irish National Journalist," say that he was not much of a conspirator, still less of a desperado, but that he was really terrible on paper. He was amnestied in 1871, and spent the greater portion of his uncompleted term of twenty years in Paris. He returned to Ireland some years ago, where, says Gavan Duffy, in "Four Years of Irish History," his appearance in public affairs has been distinguished by a good sense, a sobriety of tone, and a fairness to opponents which are not too common in political criticism.

Do Not Despair because you have tried many medicines and have failed to receive benefit. Remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when all others fail to do any good whatever.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Harmless, reliable sure.

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

White Star Line.

The Majestic arrived at Queenstown June 9, at 12 a. m.

The Teutonic arrived at New York June 10, at 10 a. m.

The Cunard Line.

The Umbria arrived at Queenstown June 6, at 3 a.m.

The Etruria arrived at New York June 6, at 7 a. m.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

HOTELS AT ST LOUIS

MAKE TROUBLE FOR THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION.

Regardless of the Promises of the Committee of Mound City Gentlemen Who Secured the Convention for the City—Regular Boycott on the Negro Delegates

ST. LOUIS, June 9.—What shall be done with the colored delegates and alternate delegates to the national Republican convention? This is a question which is puzzling the members of the national committee who have arrived in the city and the Business Men's League which secured the convention to St. Louis, as well. Every hotel and boarding house and cafe came out flat-footed yesterday and declared that it would entertain no negro as a guest or customer. Money is no object. Threats of prosecution have had no effect, and from the present outlook it would seem that unless tents are secured the black men will have to go hungry and unhoused. "I am thoroughly disgusted and discouraged," said National Committeeman J. C. Long, of Florida, in speaking of the matter.

Will Resolve and—Hire a Hall.

"I have been looking all day long for a hotel, boarding house or cafe that would admit the negroes, but it has been a fruitless search. I even went so far as to try to charter a steamboat, but when the owners learned for what purpose I wanted it they found an excuse for refusing me the use of the vessel. It is the only time in the history of the Republican party where such an embarrassing predicament has arisen." When asked what the national committee would do in the matter Long replied: "I have consulted with the members who are here and we have decided to offer a resolution as soon as the committee meets condemning the hotel and innkeepers and for the setting aside of a fund for renting a hall in which cots shall be placed for the accommodation of the negroes who may come to the convention. We will also request the employment of a corps of cooks to supply them with food."

Been Brewing for 100 Years.

This trouble has been brewing for nearly a week. A number of days ago it was learned by the Business Men's League that some of the leading hotels had been cancelling agreements with certain state delegations when the landlords learned that negro delegates were numbered among them. It became so apparent that the negroes were being discriminated against that the League issued the following manifesto: "The Business Men's League, when in Washington securing the national Republican convention for St. Louis, promised that colored delegates and members of the national Republican executive committee should receive the same recognition from the hotels that any other of the delegates to the convention would receive.

Implied? Well, Does Look That Way.

"With this it was implied that the citizens representing the City of St. Louis for securing the convention would ask and endeavor to indnce public places, hotels, boarding houses and bath rooms—at least for convention week—to accord to the reputable and respectable colored men who will come here representing their section and their people in the Republican party such treatment as any reputable and respectable person would receive. It is not believed that a great many would want to accept the privileges, but it will be very humiliating if one of them, with their colleagues and friends, or alone, should present himself at any public place and be refused admittance or service.

"It is hoped, expected and desired by the gentlemen representing the citizens who secured the convention that all will endeavor to meet the situation as justice and propriety requires. Any parties in interest failing to receive accommodations will please report to the general hotel committee.

C. C. RAINWATER,
"Chairman bureau of information.
[Signed.]
"S. M. KENNARD,
"President Business Men's League.
"JAMES COX,
"Secretary.
"CLARK H. SAMPSON,
"Chairman of Arrangements.
"FRANK GAIENNIE,
"Secretary."

NOT SATISFIED WITH INJURY,

St. Louis Adds Insult, So Says Committeeman Long, of Florida.

When the hotel men read this they were exceedingly wrathful. They said it was an invitation to the colored delegates to prosecute them for damages. They went to the league committee on hotel accommodation and made a vigorous protest. Concerted action then followed with the result that the negroes cannot find lodging places or even a reputable place to eat. "This afternoon I received half a dozen letters," said Committeeman Long, "from parties who said they would gladly receive all colored delegates during the convention. I was greatly relieved for a time, but upon investigation learned they were from keepers of disorderly houses. This only added insult to the injury already done."

George W. Hill, national committeemen from Tennessee, said last night that if hotel accommodations of a respectable character were not secured for the colored delegates from his state he would telegraph them not to come to the convention. Last night some of the members of the local committee said that the whole matter would be settled to the satisfaction of all the colored delegates.

Major C. C. Rainwater, a member of the Business Men's League which went to Washington, and of the local entertainment committee, is quite as much displeased with the turn affairs have taken as any member of the national committee. He with several other members of the local committee have been hunting for a place to entertain the negro delegates, but without success. Perry Heath and ex-Congressman Thompson, of Ohio, who are here in the interests of Major McKinley, are quite as much disturbed as the national committeemen. They have been in telegraphic communication with Marcus A. Hanna, but as yet no solution of the problem has been reached.

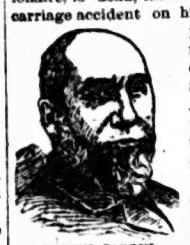
Heavy Failure at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, June 5.—The wholesale clothing house of I. W. Klaw & Co., 621 North Ninth street, did not open for business Friday, the establishment being in the custody of the Bank of Commerce, a creditor to the amount of $40,000. The total liabilities are $112,000. Of this amount $60,000 is secured by deeds of trust, $21,000 is due to outside creditors and $31,000 is due for merchandise.

AUSTIN CORBIN KILLED.

Fatal Accident to the Millionaire Railroad Man.

MANCHESTER, N. H., June 5.—A special to The Union from Newport, N. H., says: Hon. Austin Corbin, the New York millionaire, is dead, the second victim of a carriage accident on his beautiful estate yesterday afternoon. His faithful coachman, John Stokes, is also dead. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon Austin Corbin and his grandson, Corbin Edgell, a boy of about 14 years, with the latter's tutor, Dr. Kunger, left the Corbin house, about one and a half miles northwest of this village, for a fishing trip to Cornish mountain. The team, a hitherto kind though likely pair of horses, was in charge of John Stokes, who had been Mr. Corbin's coachman, both here and in New York, for years. The horses were hitched up yesterday for the first time, perhaps, without blinders. It is thought Mr. Corbin opened a sunshade just as they drove away.



AUSTIN CORBIN.

The horses at once started to run and became unmanageable. They ran down the descending western driveway at a terrific speed, and at the turn into the main road all were thrown violently, while the horses kept the road. Dr. Kunger was thrown completely over the wall and landed on plowed ground. He received a severe bruise and a fracture. Young Edgell suffered a fracture of the leg and wrist. Stokes evidently hit a tree, and as one of the first to arrive on the scene expressed it his body was completely wound around the tree. He died about 6 o'clock. Corbin struck a stone wall with frightful force and was terribly cut and bruised about his head, and one of his legs was broken and crushed so that the bones protruded through the flesh.

He was able to speak when Mr. Woodbury, his farmer, who was near by, reached him, but he soon lost consciousness and remained in that condition most of the time until 9:42 p. m., when he breathed his last. There were present at his bedside Mrs. Corbin, his daughters—Miss Annie and Mrs. Edgell, of New York—all of whom witnessed the sad accident from the house. They came to town on Sunday last, and would doubtless have passed the greater part of the summer here.

WESTERN COLLEGE ATHLETES MEET.

Wisconsin University Scores Forty-Six Points and Carries Off the Honors.

CHICAGO, June 8.—Wisconsin had a walkaway in the annual championship meeting of the Western Collegiate Amateur Athletic association, the athletes from that university scoring 46 points, their nearest competitor being Grinnell, with 21. The conditions were perfect, the weather being warm and the paths in elegant shape. Four western collegiate records were broken. Mayburg, the Wisconsin sprinter, had a comparatively easy time of it, especially in the 100-yard dash, which he won in the fast time of 10 seconds flat, and could have covered it in at least a fifth of a second faster had he been pushed. Of the other colleges competing Minnesota scored 18½ points, Chicago 16, Lake Forest 15, Northwestern 11, and Illinois 3½.

The mile walk was won by F. Bunnell (Minn.) in 7:81 1-5—breaking the record; the 120 yards hurdle by J. R. Richards (Wis.), in 0:16 2-5; 440 yards run by J. H. Rush (Grinnell), in 0:50 4-5; mile bicycle P. H. Purton (Minn.), in 2:37 2-5—breaking the record; mile run by H. B. Cragin (Lake Forest), in 4:33—breaking the record; 220 yards run by J. H. Mayburg (Wis.) in 0:22 3-5; 220 yards hurdle by J. H. Richards, in 0:27 3-5; 880 yards run by Cragin, in 2:05 3-5; running high jump by J. Leighe (Wis.), 5 feet; pulling shot by H. F. Cochems (Wis.), 38 feet 9½ inches—breaking the record; running broad jump, C. B. Neel (Chicago), 20 feet 9 inches; throwing 16-pound hammer, H. F. Cochems, 113 feet 3 inches; pole vault, R. E. Wilson (Northwestern), 10 feet 6 inches.

WORK OF THE BOMB FIEND.

Deaths at Barcelona Will Reach Twenty-Nine—Eighteen Injured.

BARCELONA, Spain, June 9.—Martial law has been declared here. The total number of victims of the bomb explosion of Sunday are eight dead, twenty-one dying and eighteen injured.

The person who threw the bomb has not yet been apprehended. The police are busy in the search for the culprit and hope to discover him. The impression is general that anarchists did the work as a result of a widespread anarchistic plot. The police are working on this theory and have arrested twenty-two men known to entertain anarchistic sympathies.

In connection with these arrests they have seized a number of documents which furnish some clue to the plot of which the bomb throwing was a manifestation. These documents indicate that the center of the terrorist agitation is directed with the purpose of precipitating a number of anarchist demonstrations accompanied by acts of violence at different points simultaneously or following close upon each other, so as to create a reign of terror in the different European governments.

The outrage was accompanied by features of peculiar atrocity. It was while the people, both those in the procession and those looking on, were devoutly kneeling that the bomb was thrown by the unknown assassin. Whether by design or not it did its deadliest work among the innocent and harmless, the majority of the victims being women and children.

TRIAL OF ALONZO WALLING.

Five Witnesses Who Saw the Carriage in Which Pearl Went to Her Death.

NEWPORT, Ky., June 6.—But for long cross-examinations of witnesses the prosecution in the trial of Alonzo M. Walling for the murder of Pearl Bryan would have rested last evening. It certainly will close its case by noon today. Five witnesses distributed at as many points along four miles of the route the cabman, George H. Jackson, testified that he drove the murderers and their victim between 1 and 2 a. m., Feb. 1, have given evidence that they saw a carriage driven along that road on that night.

The road is lonely and the passing of a carriage going over it after midnight is most unusual. Judge Helm decided to admit the damaging testimony of Edward H. Anthony against Walling and objected to by Walling's attorney.

KENTUCKY DEMOCRATS.

Free Coinage of Silver and Blackburn for President.

TOPEKA, June 4.—The Democratic state convention was a silver meeting; the white metal men ruled everything. All the district delegates to Chicago were ratified—all being for silver. Following are the delegates-at-large: Ex-United States Senator John Martin; David Overmyer, of Topeka; J. D. McCleverty, of Fort Scott; James McKinsley, of Hutchinson; J. H. Atwood, of Leavenworth; Frank Bacon, of Canute. A telegram of congratulation was sent to the Kentucky convention for its silver unanimity.

LEXINGTON, Ky., June 5.—Delegates-at-Large—J. C. S. Blackburn, P. W. Hardin, John S. Rhea and W. T. Ellis. Alternates-at-Large—Robert W. Nelson, J. Morton Rothwell, Theodore F. Hallam and John D. Carroll. Electors-at-Large—J. P. Tarvin and W. B. Smith.

The Democratic state convention closed yesterday afternoon, after the free silver men had secured everything in the organization, as well as in the platform. The resolutions not only instruct the Kentucky delegation for Senator Blackburn for president, but also for the unit rule, so that the two delegates from the Louisville district will have no voice whatever at Chicago. The free silver men have the four delegates-at-large, and all the other delegates except the two from the Fifth district.

WINDRATH HANGED AT CHICAGO.

Man Who Murdered Cashier Birch Dies by the Hempen Collar.

CHICAGO, June 6.—One minute after 12 o'clock yesterday Joseph Windrath was hanged in the north corridor of the county jail, thus paying the law's penalty for the murder of Carey B. Birch, cashier of the West Chicago Street Railway company at the Armitage avenue office. Nothing had been left undone to save his life and the most plausible plea put forward was that he was insane. A jury decided him sane after hearing the usual contradictory expert evidence. The prisoner did a pretty good insane act, at any rate, from the time he was convicted until the rope choked his utterance.

His plan was a wild shout of "Hang up Mannow (his accomplice in the murder); "Put him in the bad box;" "I don't want that hat"—these were his cries when he was saying anything and he was shouting them as he went through the trap. Just before the execution he made several ostensible attempts to butt his brains out, but he didn't hurt himself. He was always a thief and bad man, according to his biographies in the papers here.

MURDER DONE BY STRIKERS.

Milwaukee Street Car Fired Upon and the Motorman Fatally Shot.

MILWAUKEE, June 5.—A trolley car on the Cudahy line of the Milwaukee Electric Railway company was ambushed last night at a point two miles south of the city and fully twenty shots were fired into it. Two men were shot, one fatally. They are: John E. Breen, motorman, of Manistee, Mich., will die; Adolph Schwartz, conductor, of Milwaukee, shot through the leg. At a point midway between the suburbs and the city a log had been placed across the track. The conductor stopped to remove the obstruction when several shots were fired at him.

He fell, but was assisted to the car by the motorman. As the car was started forward a dozen more shots were fired and the motoman fell fatally wounded. The murderers are supposed to be strikers. Last night cars were stoned on the south side and several times shots were exchanged between officers and rioters. South of the city, in the suburb known as Silver City, attacks were made on several cars. Several arrests were made in that locality.

DEATH OF AN EMINENT FRENCHMAN.

Jules Francis Simon, Statesman, Scholar and Once Prime Minister.

PARIS, June 9.—Jules Francis Simon, life member of the celebrated statesman, life member of the French senate, member of the French academy, perpetual secretary of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, and formerly prime minister of France, died yesterday. Simon had been ill for a fortnight with neurosis of the stomach.

The Oregon Election.

PORTLAND, Ore., June 8.—Returns and corrections received here show that Ellis (Rep.) has a plurality of 65 over Quinn (Pop.) for congress in the Second district. Complete returns are still missing from three counties. In the First district a mistake was discovered in the count in Yam-Hill county which reduced Vanderburg's (Pop.) vote in that county by 200.

This, together with partial returns from Curry county, gives Vanderberg a plurality of 160 over Tongue (Rep.). In both districts it will undoubtedly require the official count to determine the result. The count in this city is complete. Pennoyer for mayor has a plurality of 2,324 in a total vote of 15,579.

Four Children Drowned by a Cloudburst.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., June 8.—Four children were drowned and considerable damage to property done by a cloudburst which visited this section yesterday afternoon. Water fell in torrents smashing windows, tearing off signs, etc., and flooding cellars and bottom lands. Dennis and Michael Desmond and Dennis and Eugene Cummings, all under 11 years, were drowned by going into a stone culvert to escape the storm.

Populists Hold a Convention.

LEWISTON, Me., June 5.—The Populists held their state convention here. After indorsing the Omaha platform resolutions were adopted unanimously demanding free coinage at 16 to 1 without consent of other nations. Luther C. Bateman was nominated unanimously for governor. An exciting contest for delegates to St. Louis resulted in the defeat of Solon Chase, a former leader of the greenbackers.

THE DEATH RECORD.

JOSIAH W. BEGOLE, ex-governor of Michigan, at Flint, Mich.

Colonel ROBERT L. HARVEY, father of the author of "Coin's Financial School," at Huntington, W. Va.

ANTHONY MAULLEN, pioneer settler of Oldenburg, Ind.

Captain JOHN G. BOURKE, Third cavalry, U. S. A., at Philadelphia.

GEORGE S. FOX, well-known in street railway circles, at Philadelphia.

ANDREW J. BROWN, prominent banker of Grand Rapids, Mich.

FRANK MAYO, the veteran actor, at Grand Island, Neb.

ILLINOIS MELANGE.

TEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO OUR OWN PEOPLE.

Some of the Principal Happenings of the Week Reported by Telegraph and Placed for Convenience of Our Readers—Matters of Interest.

SPRINGFIELD, June 8.—For three hours Sunday night this city was swept by one of the most violent electrical and thunder storms that ever occurred in this section of Illinois. Many thousand of dollars damage resulted. In many cases the first floors of residences were flooded with several feet of water. The municipal, telegraph, fire and police electrical systems were knocked out for eight hours and the city left in darkness most of the night. Several alarms of fire added to the terror of the situation.

The state house electrical system was demolished, telegraph and telephone switch boards were scorched and other damage done. Thousands of sparrows cover the ground, having been drowned by the deluge. The Sangamon river has risen five feet and is still advancing. There has been great damage in the lowlands.

LYNCHERS WERE READY.

William Staley, the Alleged Poisoner, Narrowly Escapes Death.

HOOPESTON, Ills., June 5.—William Staley, suspected of poisoning the McDevitt family at Claytonville Tuesday morning, narrowly escaped being lynched Thursday evening. He was arrested at Tipton, Ind., and was escorted to Claytonville by the sheriff of Tipton county. At East Lynn, where the prisoner was about to leave the train, fifty determined men with a rope were waiting for the 7 o'clock train. The Indiana sheriff got notice of what might be expected and took his prisoner off the train at Ambia, one mile from the state line, and then took him to the Fowler jail to await a requisition.

Miss Lizzie McDevitt, one of the persons poisoned, became worse Thursday afternoon and may die. Staley when arrested asked how the McDevitt family was getting along. When told that Miss Lizzie would probably die he said he hoped she would. That expression is the only evidence of confession yet obtained from him.

Gov. Altgeld Lays a Corner Stone.

PEORIA, Ills., June 6.—Governor Altgeld yesterday afternoon laid the corner stone of the new asylum for the incurable insane. He was met at the station by a battalion of militia and escorted to the National hotel. There was a parade participated in by four companies of militia, five bands, governor and staff, and prominent visitors, city officers of Peoria and suburban villages, and state and county officers. Five thousand people were at the asylum site. Governor Altgeld spoke of charities and their rapid advancement, concluding by laying the corner stone.

Illinois Town Appeals for Help.

CHICAGO, June 8.—New Baden, Ills., appeals to the citizens of Chicago, through Mayor Swift, for charity. That it is much needed is evidenced by the piteous appeal received yesterday by Mr. Swift from Louis Butzow, president of the New Baden village board. Eleven people were killed and hundreds rendered homeless. Mr. Butzow writes that half the houses in the town were destroyed. The people are poor and aid should be prompt.

Head Camp Sustained.

ROCKFORD, Ills., June 8.—Judge James Shaw of this circuit, has rendered a lengthy decision in the celebrated Modern Woodmen case, in which he sustains the action of the head camp in removing the head office of the order from Fulton to Rock Island, which has been prevented by injunction. Many fine points were involved because of legislation passed since the action of removal was taken at the meeting at Omaha several years ago.

Stole to Hide Embezzlement.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 6.—Carl Klappenburg, cashier of the state bank of Buffalo, who with his brother Joseph Klappenburg, of this city, robbed the bank a few weeks ago, pleaded guilty in the Sangamon circuit court and was sentenced to Chester penitentiary. Klappenburg was an embezzler and the robbery was committed to hide his crime.

Found Guilty of "Boodling."

PEORIA, Ills., June 4.—Simon Schaffer of Chicago was found guilty at 3 o'clock Thursday afternoon of "boodling" in connection with a bill introduced in the last legislature affecting Peoria distilling interests. A motion for a new trial was entered at once.

Story of the Tornado and a Check.

SAYLOR SPRINGS, Ills., June 8.—A check for $100, signed by a Mr. Michaels, of St. Louis, was found in a corn field near Red Brush by James Murphy Saturday. This check must have been carried by the St. Louis tornado to this place, a distance of 103 miles.

Suicide of a Young Man.

JOLIET, Ills., June 6.—Frank McQueen, the 20-year-old son of Archibald McQueen, one of the richest farmers in Florence township, committed suicide Friday by hanging himself. Young McQueen was in love with a young lady, who refused to return his love.

Illinois Military Appointment.

SPRINGFIELD, June 8.—Governor Altgeld has appointed Robert H. Aiken, of Chicago, general inspector of rifle practice, Illinois National Guard, with the rank of colonel, vice Colonel James M. Rice, of Peoria, resigned.

State Notes.

Thirty members of a Salvation Army were arrested at Decatur, Ills., for obstructing the sidwalks. All were taken to jail and then released and a hallelujah meeting followed.

An examination of the books of the Ramsey bank at Carlyle, Ills., shows that they are in a snarl that indicates jugglery with the figures.

Between 500 and 1,000 persons witnessed and listened to the exercises incident to the unveiling of a bronze statue of Ben Franklin in Lincoln park, Chicago. Joseph Medill, proprietor of the Chicago Tribune, was the donor of the statue.

Mrs. Matilda Nelson, of Chicago, has brought suit against Teamster John McHale for $100 for damages done her bloomers.

Ernest Wallin, 27 years old, an iron worker on the "L" loop at Chicago, fell from the structure and received severe internal injuries.

OUR NATIONAL SOLONS.

Doings in the Senate and House of Representatives.

WASHINGTON, June 5.—The senate refused to recede on the question of battleships in the naval bill and on aid to sectarian schools in the Indian bill. The filled cheese bill as it came from the house was passed—37 to 13—all tariff amendments being defeated. A joint resolution was adopted for a scientific investigation of seal life in Behring sea. An attempt to take up the immigration bill failed for want of a quorum.

The house decided in favor of Murray (colored), Republican, in the contest from the First South Carolina district—153 to 33—unseating Elliott, the sitting member. Murray was sworn in and applauded. The Martin-Lockhart contest was taken up and it was agreed to vote on it today.

WASHINGTON, June 6.—Morgan brought up the Cuban matter in the senate and insisted that it was the duty of the president to keep congress informed and that congress should not adjourn without providing that a fleet of warships go to Havana to protect Americans caught aiding the rebels. Sherman and Lodge said the administration was doing its duty and Morgan's resolutions were sent to the calendar. The immigration bill was made unfinished business and the bill for a constitutional amendment providing for popular election of senators discussed and made the order for the second Monday in December next. A resolution for adjournment Monday was sent to the appropriations committee.

The house unseated Downing, Sixteenth Illinois, giving the seat to Rinaker and making the Illinois delegation solidly Republican, and Lockhart, Seventh North Carolina, giving the seat to Martin, Republican-Populist. A resolution calling on the president for a list of removals from office since March 3, 1893, was adopted, as was a special order making today individual suspension day.

WASHINGTON, June 8.—The senate refused to compromise on the naval bill with three battleships instead of four, and unanimously insisted on several public building bills. The final report on the Indian bill was agreed to stopping appropriations for sectarian schools July 1, 1897. A few bills of no general importance were passed and an executive session was held.

The house refused to agree to the final report on the Indian bill, and on receiving the president's veto of the general deficiency bill because of the French spoliation and other claims provided for therein, sustained the veto—40 to 149—not the necessary number in favor of passing the bill over the veto. A bill was immediately introduced and passed omitting the objectionable claims. A bill was passed limiting mail which can be franked to written and printed matter. During the debate on the veto Cannon declared that the veto was right in view of some of the claims that were in the bill.

WASHINGTON, June 9.—The senate passed the expurgated general deficiency bill and a few others of little importance. The final report on the postoffice appropriation was agreed to. An attempt to do something on the immigration bill was prevented by Morgan who made another long speech on Cuba. An executive session was held.

The house revoked all leaves of absence and called on those now absent to return. The bill amending the laws relating to seamen and that authorizing the Northern Pacific railway to reorganize under a national charter were passed. The final conference report on the postoffice bill was agreed to, and the contested election case of Aldrich vs. Underwood, Ninth Alabama, was taken up. The joint resolution authorizing a scientific investigation of Bering sea seal life was agreed to.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, June 8.

Money on call nominally 1@2 per cent.; prime mercantile paper, 4@5½ per cent.; sterling exchange steady, with actual business in bankers' bills at 486¼@488½ for demand and 487½@487¾ for sixty days; posted rates, 486@488½ and 490@493½; commercial bills, 485¾.

Silver certificates, sales 30,000, at 69@69⅝; bar silver, 69¾; Mexican dollars, 55¾.

United States government bonds firmer; new 4's registered, 115⅛; do. coupons, 116¾; 5's registered, 112½; do. coupons, 113½; 4's registered, 108; do. coupons, 109¾; 2's registered, 94¼; Pacific 6's of '97, 103½.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, June 8.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—June, opened 61¾c, closed 60¾c; July, opened 62¾c, closed 60¾c; September, opened 63c, closed 61¾c. Corn—June, nominal, closed 27½c; July opened 28¾c, closed 28¼c; September, opened 28¾c, closed 28¼c. Oats—June, nominal, closed 17¾c; July, opened 18¼c, closed 18¼c; September, opened 18¾c, closed 18¾c. Pork—June, nominal, closed $7.10; July, opened $7.22½, closed $7.17½. Lard—June, nominal, closed $4.25½; July, opened $4.30, closed $4.27½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 15c per lb.; extra dairy, 12c; fresh packing stock, 7½@8c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 8@8½c per dozen. Live Poultry—Turkeys, 6@8c per lb.; chickens (hens), 7½c; roosters, 4@4½c; ducks, 9@10c; geese, $4.00@4.50 per dozen. Potatoes—Good to choice, 17@22c per bushel. New potatoes, $1.50@2.25 per barrel. Apples—Fair to fancy, $3.50@4.50 per barrel. Honey—White clover, 13@16c per lb.; broken comb, 9@10c; extracted, 5@6c. Strawberries—Michigan, $2@2.50 per 16-quart case. Blackraspberries, $1.50 per 24-quart case; red raspberries, 75c@1.25 per 24-pint case.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, June 8.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock Yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 34,000; sales ranged at $3.85@4.00 pigs, $3.80@3.90 light, $3.60@3.15 rough packing, $3.80@3.95 mixed, and $3.80@3.90 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 17,000; quotations ranged at $4.10@4.40 choice to extra shipping steers, $3.60@4.10 good to choice do., $3.60@4.00 fair to good, $3.40@3.80 common to medium do., $3.30@3.80 butchers' steers, $2.80@3.30 stockers, $3.25@3.60 feeders, $1.60@3.60 cows, $2.80@3.90 heifers, $2.00@3.60 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.60@3.85 Texas steers, and $3.00@3.90 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 17,000; sales ranged at $2.90@3.95 western, $2.80@3.40 Texans, $3.25@4.30 natives and $3.00@4.00 lambs.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, June 8.

Wheat—No. 2 red cash elevator, 59c bid; track, 60@61c; July, 58¼c; August, 59½@59⅝c bid; September, 59c. Corn—No. 2 mixed cash, 25¾@25⅞c; July, 28½c bid; September, 27¼@27½c asked. Oats—No. 2 cash, 17½c bid; July, 15c bid; August, 17½c bid. Rye—57c asked.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, June 8.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 61c; No. 1 northern, 62½c; September, 64½c. Corn—No. 3, 27c. Oats—No. 2 white, 19½c; No. 3 do., 19@19½c. Barley—No. 2, 31c; samples, 24@31½c. Rye—No. 1, 34½@35c.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, June 8.

Wheat—Cash white, 70c; cash red, 67½c; July, 63¼c bid; August, 62½c bid; September, 64½c bid.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, June 3.

President Cleveland has signed the bill granting a pension of $100 a month to the widow of General W. Q. Gresham.

The United States mint at Carson City, Nev., will resume refinery operations about July 1.

The town of Pratt, Kan., has repudiated its bonded indebtedness. A debt of $76,000 is carried and the mayor has ordered the real estate turned over to the bondholders.

The body of James G. Blaine will be taken from Oak Hill cemetery, Washington, to Augusta, Me., and laid to rest on Burnt Hill.

According to the report of Internal Revenue Collector William J. Mize the cigarmakers of Chicago made 100 cigars for each and every man, woman and child in the city during the past year.

The young men of Ridgewood, Brooklyn, N. Y., have organized a bicycle fire brigade, and the hose, ladders, etc., are carried on wheels made for that purpose.

Thursday, June 4.

Persimmons, the Prince of Wales' horse, won the Derby yesterday. It was the first time in a hundred years that a Prince of Wales horse won that race.

The Social Purity League and Ministerial Union, of Topeka, Kan., are joined in an appeal to the city council to suppress nude art exhibits.

Cardinal Satolli attended the first ball game he ever witnessed at Worcester, Mass. He didn't understand it.

W. P. Collins, a respected citizen of Afton, Ia., has sued Robert Battleman, ex-county auditor, for $50,000 for alienating Mrs. Collins' affections.

The Schoolfield-Hanauer Grocery company, one of the oldest wholesale firms in Memphis, Tenn., assigned. The liabilities will reach $100,000; assets, nominally $100,000.

Gas has been struck in a well at Broad Ripple, nine miles north of Indianapolis. Its pressure is about 300 pounds. Land in the vicinity has advanced in price.

Friday, June 5.

An emergency club has been organized at Des Moines to arrange for nurses and physicians and have everything in readiness to succor tornado victims.

The nail trust is likely to collapse because outside mills refuse to enter the combination.

The work of tearing down the Grand Pacific hotel at Chicago has been begun, and before very long the site will be ready for the new building of the Illinois Trust and Savings bank.

St. Louis citizens hanged Mayor Walbridge in effigy because he refused outside aid for sufferers by the recent storm.

A shallow river saved the total destruction at Chicago of the steamer Alva, laden with grain. A seacock had been left open and the hold filled with water, sending the vessel to the bottom.

Mrs. Katherine Ollibaugh, aged 57, and a widow, committed suicide at Wabash, Ind., by jumping into a cistern.

Mrs. Barbara Windrath, whose husband is sentenced to hang at Chicago, is in Springfield appealing to Governor Altgeld for a stay of execution.

The Snell Cycling Fittings company, of Toledo, O., has shut down until August owing to a strike.

Saturday, June 6.

The town of Alleston, Wis., is in gay celebration. Postmaster F. H. Metcalf has wedded Miss Laura Matthews, a farmer's daughter, and she is the first and only woman in the town.

C. L. Comfort, of Syracuse, N. Y., wedded Miss Edna White, of Monroe, Mich., after an engagement of nearly twenty years. Both are midgets, being only a little over four feet tall.

Representative Tracy, of Missouri, has introduced a bill proposing to create a department of commerce and manufactures in the president's cabinet.

Frank Magowan, ex-mayor of Trenton, N. J., who took out a license in Chicago to wed Mrs. Helen E. Barnes, returned the license unused.

Jacob Rich, as an individual, and the First Street railroad, of San Jose, Cal., have filed a petition of insolvency. The total liabilities are $600,000. The assets consist of the electric and horse lines of the company and a large amount of real estate owned by Jacob Rich.

At Versailles, Ky., the grand jury found eight indictments against ex-Cashier W. M. Shipp and ex-Bookkeeper Charles Stone, of the defunct bank of Midway. They are charged with embezzlement, larceny and other crimes.

Monday, June 8.

In a panic on a Brooklyn trolley car of the Nassau line two boys and a man were seriously injured and some thirty others bruised and cut.

It is stated by a Washington "special" that President Harrison has refused $1,000 a day to write a brief leader on the St. Louis convention as it develops.

East St. Louis has made another appeal for aid for her destitute. Contributions can be sent to Mayor H. F. Bader.

Torrents of rain, doing a great deal of damage, have fallen in Minnesota, Nebraska, Missouri, the Dakotas and Wisconsin. At Loup City, Neb., Nellie McCoy, aged 7, was drowned.

At Catford, England, J. S. Johnson, the American cyclist, in an attempt at the mile record, flying start, made the distance in 1:58 2-5.

The Utah Democratic convention declared for radical free silver and instructed its delegates to Chicago that way.

The Democratic conventions of Jefferson and Tuscarawas counties, Ohio, have declared for free 16-to-1 silver.

Woman's Work

Is never done, and it is especially wearing and wearisome to those whose blood is impure and unfit properly to tone, sustain and renew the wasting of nerve, muscle and tissue. The only remedy for tired, weak, nervous women is in building up by taking a good nerve tonic, blood purifier and vitalizer like Hood's Sarsaparilla. For troubles *Peculiar to Women* at change of season, climate or life, great cures are made by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills do not cause pain or gripe. All druggists. 25¢

BEARS AFTER GRANT.

HOW THE GREAT MILITARY MAN MANEUVERED FOR TIME.

Threw Trout From the Wagon to Appease Bruin's Appetite—The Bears Wanted Bigger Game, but Didn't Get It—The Old McKane County Guide's Story.

"General Grant was a great lover of trout fishing," said a guide, "and the greatest of all his outings was at Kane, McKane county, Pa., in August, 1869. I received a letter late in July of that year requesting that I get everything ready for a two weeks' fishing tour on the Oswayo creek.

"This stream flows through the northwestern part of Potter county, one of the wildest forest sections. At that time I was living at Kane and spent all my time in the woods hunting and fishing.

"General Grant usually was accompanied by one or more companions, but this time he came to Kane alone. It was then, prior to leaving Kane for Oswayo creek, that General Grant wrote his letter to Secretary of State Fish concerning the belligerency of Cuba. We were delayed 24 hours on account of that letter, because General Grant spent the whole day in thinking the situation over. The general was glad to get the subject off his mind for the time being, as he remarked to me, 'Well, that settles Cuban matters with me until I return from this trout fishing trip.'

"I had the general's rod and flies in shape. We got on my old spring wagon and started for a farmhouse near Sharon Center. The roads were rough, and by the time we had covered the distance of 37 miles we were tired out, and the old horse lay down. It was about 10 o'clock at night when we reached John Habersteen's home in the country. He had been expecting us and assisted in putting up the horse and showed us the rooms we were to occupy. We did not go to the trout stream the following day. 'Rest is more desirable than trout,' is the way the general put it.

"While Habersteen was not acquainted with Grant prior to our arrival, he was a fast friend of mine, as we had gone to school together. General Grant soon made a warm friend of Habersteen.

"The first day's fishing along Oswayo creek was successful, and we returned with a number of trout. It was a difficult place to reach, and the country simply abounded with wild game. The general was fond of seeing deer go through the woods and was not a bit afraid of bears.

"General Grant was an expert fisherman and could whip a stream with any of the pot fishers. He would never fish for trout with bait. But if it so happened that he had lost all his flies, he would put on whatever he could find and continue to whip the stream. The two of us in five days' fishing caught 712 trout, all good sized ones. We ate some of them, and the rest were packed in ice to be sent to friends.

"I shall never forget our return from Sharon Center to Kane. We had everything on the spring wagon, including the iced trout. After traveling about four miles we passed through an exceptionally heavy woodland, and when we were about 300 yards from the woods two bears made their appearance. They trotted along after us at a gait that showed us that they were gaining on the horse. They evidently had scented the fish and were wishing for a good meal.

"We did not feel much afraid until we came to discover that our guns and revolvers were left behind at Habersteen's house. The bears were gradually gaining on us, and it was time to be thinking about doing something.

"'What's to be done in a case of this kind?' queried the general.

"'The only thing I know of is to drive so fast that they can't catch up,' I replied. But the faster we drove the more rapidly the bears ran.

"'I know how to get away from them,' exclaimed Grant. 'We will throw trout to the ground, a few feet apart, and as the bears stop to pick them up we will gain so much by every fish.'

"Well, that looked like a great scheme. We began throwing the fish out, two or three at a time. The bears began to pick them up, but I'll be contwisted if they didn't start to give the trout the go by and hasten their steps to catch up to the wagon. All the time we kept throwing choice trout into the road to coax them bears to quit the chase.

"We concluded that the old horse would have to hurry. The whip was applied. We lost the bears, and in the village related the story of the bears following us to several farmers, who got guns and started after them.

"Do you know what those confounded bears were doing when they found them? They stopped at the end of the trout trail and for a distance of a mile and a half back had eaten nearly all the trout. They evidently wanted bigger game, and when they saw they could not get it they were content to eat trout. The bears were overtaken and killed.

"At the village we looked to see how many trout we had left. To our surprise we had only 250 out of the 700."—New York Press.

Luck.

"There is no such thing as luck," said Colonel North once. "Everybody in this world has chances—yes, everybody, from the working collier who strikes a seam of coal which was never thought of by the mining engineer to the colliery proprietor who gets information regarding that seam and resolves to work it. What people call luck simply means that a man sees his chance, holds on to it and at the right moment works it for himself. Luck? Nonsense! Luck is simply the faculty of seizing passing opportunities."

The bower bird is so called because several of this species unite in constructing a bower or playground, apparently for no other purpose than amusement.

IN HARD LUCK

Two Men Who Were Peculiarly Cheated Out of Square Meals.

"Yes," said the reformed miner, "I am back from Cripple Creek, and that is the best of my luck. I got away. Here is a sample of the ill fate I had to contend with: I struck the camp without a cent, for I hadn't done anything but lose all along the line. I hunted up Johnnie Costello, and the best he could do was to get me a meal ticket at the Blue Bell—one of those 21 meals for $4 affairs—and every time you eat they punch a figure. I wasn't long using it, and stepped out on the sidewalk containing the first resemblance to a square feed I had held for some days. A gust of wind came down from between Tenderfoot and Mineral hills, where all the puffs originate, and blew the meal ticket out of my hands. It landed face up on the sidewalk, ten feet or so away, and before I could recover it a big 200 pound Cornish miner stepped on it. He wore heavy boots, with hobnails in 'em, and as sure as I'm a living man the nails in his heel punched out the remaining 20 squares."

A similar melodrama, whose plot swung and rattled about a restaurant ticket, had its scene in Chicago. It was before the days when gold cures offered temporary relief to those addicted to the rosy. One young man, naturally of a thrifty habit, reached a point in his life when he learned that if he became thirsty he became very much so. In quelling this thirst he was apt to squander all the money he had saved since the last time. So it came that, being philosophic, he rose superior to his propensity for thrift and disposed of his salary as fast as he earned it. Thereby he got due and proper action for his money, and also appreciably shortened the length of his drunks. Having no reserve fund, he could not continue his liquor consuming career for long. One Monday he detected the stealthy approach of the thirst. He had become so wise that he could tell it 18 hours away. It was his salary day, and, knowing full well his weakness, the first investment he made was in a meal ticket.

On the Thursday following the next he saw the sun. The interval was part blank and part confusion of red lights, cabs and schooners. He had not a cent in his clothes, and was as hungry as a shipwrecked sailor. He dug up his meal ticket and went around to Calhoun place—the restaurant was situated therein—but Calhoun place was blockaded. Firemen were half way up the alley playing their hose on the smoldering ruins of the restaurant.—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE GAME BUTCHERS' WORK.

Wanton Slaughter by Hunters In the Jackson Hole Country.

The American Field jumps upon the foreigners who come to the United States, seek out those localities where most of the big game is to be found, and then lay themselves down to the work of slaughtering it with rifles. A favorite resort of these game butchers is the Teton basin. Here are found elk, deer and antelope, which are being killed off rapidly. The Teton basin, Jackson's Hole, is much lower than the National Yellowstone park, and much of the big game migrates south to it, as a warmer climate is to be found in the valley. It is here that the hunters from abroad congregate, and in spite of the Wyoming state laws kill game wantonly. If these men would kill a couple of heads of each kind, taking care of the meat, and following up wounded game, little or no objection would be made.

These hunters, some of whom are Americans, pass through the National park on their way home with wagon loads of skins and horns. The law in relation to transporting game reads that "possession within the park of the dead bodies or any part thereof of any wild bird or animal shall be prima facie evidence that the person or persons having the same are guilty of violating this act." With this act behind him the superintendent could squelch the wholesale slaughterers of game in the region of the Yellowstone park, according to The American Field. Captain Anderson, the superintendent, is urged to make an effort to enforce the law. What would be better yet would be the annexation of the Jackson's Hole country to the Yellowstone park.

"La Typewriteuse."

It is in commerce that l'Anglicisme naturally wins its greatest victories. In his Montreal office M. Jean Baptiste employs a secretaire prive—not particular, like his Parsian cousin—and, to make matters worse, this official must nowadays be a typewriteur (or typewriteuse, as the case may be,) who increases the demoralization of his native tongue with his "lettres typewritees."

Of course, the French-Canadian merchant has to count his money in dollars and cents like his neighbors, and cent or centin long ago displaced sou. The obvious Anglicism chelin has gone out of fashion with the English shilling, and is only used (to represent 20 cents) by the old market women and their contemporaries; and piastre is not yet translated into "dollar," but escomte has already become "discount," and difference has become "balance," regardless of the fact that balance, like banme, is a French word with quite a different meaning.—Contemporary Review.

Ruins.

Ruins in some countries indicate prosperity. In others decay. In Egypt, Greece and Italy they record the decline and fall of great empires. In England, Scotland and Wales they mark abolition of feudal tyranny, the establishment of popular freedom, and the consolidation of national strength.—R. Anderson.

Metaphor.

"This," remarked Algie's new bicycle, as it inserted him in a soft bank of clay by the roadside, "this is what might be called running it into the ground."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

CLAY DISAPPOINTED.

HIS DEFEAT FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION IN 1839.

The Part Taken by Thurlow Weed and Horace Greeley—A Plot Admitted—How the Senator Received the News of the Convention's Action.

The Whig convention of 1839 was held in a new Lutheran church in Harrisburg, and it is a safe assumption that never before or since has a house of God been made the scene of so much and so adroit political maneuvering as went on there for the purpose of preventing the nomination of Henry Clay for the presidency. The chief manipulator was Thurlow Weed, who appeared there as the friend of Governor Seward, and the future member of the powerful firm of Seward, Weed & Greeley. This firm was indeed the outcome of the ensuing campaign. Greeley was at the convention, little dreaming that the campaign which was to follow would give him the opportunity for developing the qualities which were to make him the first editor of his time and lead to the foundation of a great newspaper to be forever linked indissolubly with his name. Weed went into convention with the determination of defeating Clay. He says in his autobiography that he had had the New York delegation instructed for Scott to keep it from Clay, his real candidate being Harrison.

He entered into an agreement with friends of Webster, on the way to Harrisburg from New York city, to act together for Clay's defeat. Webster was in Europe at the time and had sent word to his friends declining to be a candidate, primarily because of Weed's refusal to support him. After detailing these facts Mr. Weed goes on to say that, on reaching Harrisburg, "we found a decided plurality in favor of Mr. Clay," but that, "in the opinion of the delegates from Pennsylvania and New York, Mr. Clay could not carry either of those states, and without them he could not be elected."

Weed admits a bargain in favor of Harrison with the friends both of Webster and of Scott, and says the "final vote was intentionally delayed by the friends of the stronger candidate (Harrison) for 24 hours" in order to placate the angry friends of Clay, "whose disappointment and vexation found excited expression."

Greeley makes frank admission in his "Recollections of a Busy Life" as to the plot by saying that the parties to it, chiefly Weed, "judged that he (Clay) could not be chosen, if nominated, while another could be, and acted accordingly," adding, "If politics do not meditate the achievement of beneficent ends through the choice and use of the safest and most effective means, I wholly misapprehend them."

This somewhat Jesuitical view did not strike Clay and his friends as an adequate justification of the methods by which an admitted majority of the convention had been prevented from expressing its will. John Tyler of Virginia, one of Clay's most ardent friends in the convention, was so overcome with grief at Harrison's nomination that he shed tears, and after several unavailing efforts to get some one else to take the nomination for vice president Tyler was named for it, his tears having convinced the convention that the placing of so devoted a friend of Clay on the ticket would go far to heal the wounds that the methods of the convention had caused.

Clay's rage at the outcome was unbounded. He had been assuming in the senate a lofty indifference to the presidency, his famous saying, "I would rather be right than be president," having been made public only a short time before the convention met. There was nobody in the senate at that time of sufficiently nimble wit to think of the biting retort which Speaker Reed many years later made to a congressman who for the thousandth time was strutting about in Clay's cast off garments: "Don't give yourself the slightest uneasiness. You'll never be either." But Clay had given himself great uneasiness, for he was most desirous of the nomination. He had been a candidate eight years earlier, when he had no chance of election, and he believed firmly now that if nominated he could be elected.

When the news from Harrisburg reached him in Washington, he lost all control of himself. "He had been drinking heavily in the excitement of expectation," says Henry A. Wise, who was with him. "He rose from his chair, and, walking backward and forward rapidly, lifting his feet like a horse stringhalted in both legs, stamped his boots upon the floor, exclaiming: 'My friends are not worth the powder and shot it would take to kill them. It is a diabolical intrigue, I know now, which has betrayed me. I am the most unfortunate man in the history of parties—always run by my friends when sure to be defeated, and now betrayed for a nomination when I or any one would be sure of an election.'"—"Humor and Pathos of Presidential Conventions," by Joseph R. Bishop, in Century.

A Story of Crockett.

At the booksellers' dinner in London S. R. Crockett told how he was recently introduced to a lady to whom his profession was mentioned. "Mr. Crockett," she said during the evening, "I hear you are an author. Have you published any of your works yet?" Mr. Crockett enjoyed telling the story, though it was at his own expense. But he was decidedly nonplused for a moment when a glee club which was present immediately burst forth with the glee, "Strike the Lyre."

All There.

Mr. J.—(Ideal.)—My love, did you have a finger in this pie?

Mrs. J.—(Practical.)—Why, no, indeed. None of my fingers is missing."—Detroit Free Press

ENGLISH CAVE DWELLERS.

Evidences of Them Found In the Region Made Merry by Robin Hood.

The town of Nottingham is 124 miles north of London. A part of the town is on low lying ground close to the river Trent, where floods sometimes occur, but the rest of the town is built on a series of red sandstone hills. It is situated on the southeastern fringe of the great Derbyshire coal field, and the historic forest of Sherwood formerly spread almost up to the city walls. Now this forest has, in a great measure, been cut down, and this has reduced the rainfall, raised the temperature and rendered the climate of the town drier and more bracing than it used to be. The mean annual rainfall is now 25 inches and the temperature 47 degrees. As sandstone is soft and easily cut it is only natural that the early dwellers in caves came and lived in holes dug in the hills of Nottingham, particularly as the forest close at hand was a good hunting ground where game could be captured for food.

Bronze and other tools employed by these early and prehistoric inhabitants are occasionally found, and the first name known to have been given to the place was Snotingaham. This in Celtic means "the home among the rocks." Afterward it became one of the towns of the kingdom of Mercia, and in the ninth and tenth centuries was one of the five chief northern strongholds of the Danes. Already what is now known as the Castlehill was a strongly fortified position, and it was in his attempt to capture this fortress that Alfred the Great was signally defeated by the Danes. Two hundred years later, when William the Conqueror in his turn subjugated the Saxons, he rebuilt the castle of Nottingham and placed it under the command of his natural son, William Peverel.

But it was here also that Saxon resistance continued for many a long year, for it was in the great forest hard by that Robin Hood and his merry men dwelt. These outlaws were Saxons who were dissatisfied with the Norman rule and preferred a life of brigandage to submission. The holes dug in the rocks, the passages made through the sandstone mountains, enabled these bold foresters to occasionally appear in the town and close under the Norman battlements.—Boston Post.

BAD BILL'S BREAK.

It Was a Sensational Feature and Shut Up the Whole Revival.

Bad Bill was a well known character in the west, and there are many stories told of his exploits, but one of the best has never been printed, and was related to a reporter by a man who was present when it occurred.

Great Bend, Kan., now one of the best towns in the state, was at one time about the worst. That was when it was a railroad terminus before Dodge City was established.

A traveling evangelist went to Great Bend and tried to start a revival. There were a few Christians in town, and these all attended the first meeting, the only one of the unregenerate present being Bad Bill, who took a front seat. Every one feared trouble when he walked into the church, but he sat quietly during the exhortation. The evangelist requested all who wanted to go to heaven to stand up, and every person present except Bill arose. When they were seated again, Bill got up, and, drawing two pistols, said:

"You say you want to go to heaven. Now, anything I can do to help this game along and give pleasure to the players, I'm in for. You all want to go to heaven, and I'll give you as good a chance as you'll ever have. The first man that gets up I'll give him a ticket clean through, without any stop overs."

The evangelist crawled under a seat and the members of the congregation laid on the chairs.

"Well," said Bill, "I see you wasn't in earnest, so we'll put out the lights and call this meeting adjourned." One by one he shot out the lights, and by morning the evangelist was on his way to Hutchinson, while the members of the congregation kept quiet and made no further attempts at holding a revival.—Washington Star.

Paid For the Pleasure.

During a journey of the Emperor Joseph II to Italy the wheels of his coach broke down on the road, so that it was with difficulty that he reached a small village at a short distance. On his arrival there his majesty got out at the door of the only blacksmith shop in the town and desired him to repair the wheel without delay. "That I would do willingly," replied the smith, "but it being holiday all my men are at church. The boy who blows the bellows it not at home."

"An excellent method then presents of warming oneself," replied the emperor, who was unknown to the smith, and he set about blowing the bellows while the blacksmith forged the iron. The wheel being repaired, 6 sols were demanded for the job, but the emperor gave 6 ducats.

The blacksmith returned them to the traveler, saying, "Sir, you have made a mistake, and, instead of 6 sols, have given me 6 pieces of gold which no one in the village can change."

"Change them when you can," said the emperor, stepping into the carriage. "An emperor should pay for such a pleasure as that of blowing the bellows."

Talent.

The world is always ready to receive talent with open arms. Very often it does not know what to do with genius. Talent is a docile creature. It bows its head meekly while the world slips the collar over it. It backs into the shafts like a lamb.—Holmes.

His Uncle Did It.

"Did you say that Marks owed his financial success to his own will power?"

"Oh, no; to his uncle's will power. He left everything to Marks."—Detroit Free Press.

THE CLEAR VISION.

I did but dream. I never knew
What charms our sternest season wore.
Was never yet the sky so blue?
Was never earth so white before?
Till now I never saw the glow
Of sunset on yon hills of snow
And never learned the bough's designs
Of beauty in its leafless lines.

Did ever such a morning break
As that my eastern windows see?
Did ever such a moonlight take
Weird photographs of shrub and tree?
Rang ever bells so wild and fleet
The music of the winter street?
Was ever yet a sound by half
So merry as yon schoolboy's laugh?

Fair seem these winter days, and soon
Shall blow the warm west winds of spring
To set the unbound rills in tune
And thither urge the bluebird's wing.
The vale shall laugh in flowers, the woods
Grow misty green with leafing buds,
And violets and wind flowers sway
Against the throbbing heart of May.

Break forth, my lips, in praise and own
The wiser love severely kind,
Since, richer for its chastening grown,
I see, whereas I once was blind.
The world, O Father, hath not wronged
With loss the life by thee prolonged,
But still, with every added year,
More beautiful thy works appear!

—Whittier.

PLAYS THAT PLEASE.

Good and Bad Points of Long Runs From the Actors' Standpoint.

Long runs, like most things, have their good as well as their bad points. Good, because constant repetition so identifies one with the character impersonated that it becomes second nature to feel and act it. Iteration may in the end make one mechanical, but at least it insures a certain technique, which, when inspiration fails, rescues the work from crudity. Joseph Jefferson once told me that in "The Rivals" he had always gained an effect by pulling off the fingers of his gloves separately and deliberately to accentuate certain words, but that under inspiration he would throw technique to the winds and have the glove off with one jerk. Who that has ever seen his Bob can forget those brilliant green gloves and the fun he got out of them!

On the other hand, the evil effects of long runs are indisputable. Prominent among them is a general mental weariness which often causes one to forget the most familiar lines and to turn blankly to the prompter's box or to some friendly actor for the words. This happened to me several times, notably in "The Winter's Tale" in London, where, after playing it 100 nights, I had to be prompted in several of Hermione's great speeches. Edwin Booth, during the long run of "Hamlet" at his own theater, frequently called for the lines. An actor who was in his company told me that Booth turned to him one night, and with a look of consternation asked what he was to say next. His mind for the moment had become a blank. The actor gave him the word. Booth began the speech, faltered again, was prompted a second time, but finding it impossible to continue called out in a loud voice, "Ring down the curtain."

Many other examples might be cited to show how weary the brain grows after acting the same part six or seven times weekly for 100 or 200 consecutive nights, with only the rest of Sunday to distract the mind.—Mary Anderson's Memoirs.

They All Do It.

The wanderer had returned after many years, and was inquiring about his old friends.

"Brown," he said, "is in the wholesale clothing business, I believe."

"Wholesale clothing and bicycles," corrected the native. "The firm carries a side line of bicycles, you know."

"And Jones has a grocery store, I'm told."

"Yes. Full line of groceries and Bull Run bicycles. He's the agent for the Bull Run wheel."

"Smith went into the manufacturing business, didn't he?"

"Oh, yes. He got interested in a sewing machine manufactory, and a little later they took up bicycles and are doing a rushing business. I understand they have a capacity of over 100 wheels a day."

"And what's White doing?"

"He's the agent for a famous gunmaker and is doing well. He sells all kinds of guns, pistols and bicycles."

"And Johnson?"

"Oh, he's a manufacturing jeweler, and he turns out a mighty good wheel too."

"Billings, I suppose, is still in the furniture business?"

"Yes, but I understand that he turns out a better bicycle than he does desk or bureau."

The returned traveler began to betray some surprise.

"Is—is Wilson still in the livery business?" he asked with some hesitation.

"Certainly, but he devotes most of his time to the little bicycle repair shop in the rear of his stable."

"Ah, there goes old Bones, the sexton. The old fellow is"—

"Oh, he's agent for an automatic pump for inflating tires."

"Is there any one who isn't in the bicycle business?" asked the returned traveler sadly.

"I don't think of any one just now," replied the native.—Chicago Post.

No Procrastination.

"Ethel," he whispered, "will you marry me?"

"I don't know, Charles," she replied coyly.

"Well, when you find out," he said, rising, "send me word, will you? I shall be at Mabel Hicks' until 10 o'clock. If I don't hear from you by 10, I'm going to ask her."—London Tit-Bits.

Shakespeare says we are creatures that look before and after. The more surprising that we do not look round a little, and see what is passing under our very eyes.—Carlyle.

It has been noted by the oculists that blue eyed people are seldom color blind, the percentage of those so afflicted being greatest among persons with hazel and black eyes

TRYING A CURIOUS PLAN.

Teaching Modern Science In the Oldest of Oriental Languages.

The Punjab province of India has been for some years the scene of an interesting academical experiment, that of communicating western science, philosophy and literature to the people through their mother tongue, and to the educated through their learned languages, and not in an English dress, as elsewhere.

Sixty-three years ago Macaulay and Duff destroyed the very different pernicious system of bribing native students of Sanskrit, Persian and Arabic to read their own sacred books. Gradually the learned classes came to be left out of our state system of public instruction, with evil results. Sir Donald McLeod accordingly devised and Sir Charles Aitchison carried out the plan of at once attracting these, in the Punjab at least, by oriental titles and degrees, and of examining all students for the ordinary university degrees through the medium of their own vernacular. The Punjab university and its oriental college were founded at Lahore for these two ends.

The latest report of the Edinburgh graduate, Mr. J. Sime, M. A., who is director of the department, is not very favorable to the success of the double experiment, now some 18 years old. He declares that "the prospects of advanced education through the medium of the vernacular are not improving" at least, and Sir Dennis Fitzpatrick, the lieutenant governor, has ordered a special report on the subject. In the Oriental college last year only 5 students were reading for the title of Shastri, or honors in Sanskrit; 14 for Visharada, or high proficiency in the same; 11 for Manlavi Fazil, or honors in Arabic; 7 for Manlavi Alim, or high proficiency; 7 for Munshi Fazil, or honors in Persian; 7 for Munshi Alim, and 7 for the Gurmukhi title in the Sikh vernacular. Of the 117 candidates in the local university in Sanskrit a third passed. Of 33 in Arabic two-thirds passed, and so in Persian and Gurmukhi. The only encouraging fact is that every year the number of the Pundit class who take honors and degrees in Sanskrit is rising, and more than half of them go to the Punjab examinations from the other provinces where there are no such tests.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

LEGAL PLEA FOR HER HAND.

Able Argument of Counsel Involving Personal Interests.

The judge's daughter was perturbed.

"Papa," she said, knitting her pretty brow, "I am in doubt as to whether I have kept to the proper form of procedure. In law one can err in so many little technicalities that I am ever fearful. Now, last evening George"—

The judge looked at her so sharply over his glasses that she involuntarily paused.

"I thought you had sent him about his business," he said.

"I did hand down an adverse decision," she answered, "and he declared that he would appeal. However, I convinced him that I was the court of last resort in a case like that and that no appeal would lie from my decision."

"Possibly the court was assuming a little more power than rightfully belongs to it," said the judge thoughtfully, "but let that pass. What did he do then?"

"He filed a petition for a rehearing."

"The usual course," said the judge, "but it is usually nothing but a mere formality."

"So I thought," returned the girl, "and I was prepared to deny it without argument, but the facts set forth in his petition were sufficient to make me hesitate and wonder whether his case had really been properly presented at the first trial."

"Upon what grounds did he make the application?" asked the judge, scowling.

"Well," she replied, blushing a little, "you see, he proposed by letter, and his contention was that the case was of that peculiar character that cannot be properly presented by briefs, but demands oral arguments. The fact that the latter had been omitted, he held, should be held to be an error, and the point was such a novel one that I consented to let him argue it. Then his argument was so forceful that I granted his petition and consented to hear the whole case again. Do you think"—

"I think," said the judge, "that the court favors the plaintiff."—Chicago Post.

She Was an Abstainer.

A lady, who is a strict prohibitionist, was one of a private party at Fairview last summer. They were taking supper in the pavilion, and had given orders, when one of the gentlemen turned to her and said:

"Will you have some piepercut, Mrs. X.?"

She drew herself up rigidly and felt grossly insulted.

"No; I thank you, sir," she said. "I never drink anything stronger than lemonade."

Then the gentleman pointed to the post, and, while the rest of the crowd laughed, she read:

"Pie, per cut, 5 cents."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Corsets and Electricity.

A new objection to corsets has been discovered. In a California high school, where electrical experiments were being performed, the professor was so annoyed by the effects of the steel in the girls' corsets upon his delicate instruments that a rule was made forbidding the wearing of corsets in the electrical department.

Of Course.

"Buffles is always talking about his library. How large is it?"

"Oh, his library is in his head."

"Bound in calf, then, evidently."—New York Sun.

Gatherers of tea leaves in China receive 6 cents a day.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, JUNE 13, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—"The Gay Parisiana."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Lost, Strayed or Stolen."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Ada Rehan.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

DEATH OF CAPT. BOURKE, U.S.A.

The unexpected announcement of the death of Capt. John G. Bourke, of the Third United States cavalry, which occured at the Polyclinic hospital in Philadelphia on Monday June 8, has filled us, in common with thousands of his friends, associates and comrades in days of strife and danger, with profound sorrow. This gallant soldier, and accomplished gentleman, had a career which should serve as an example for the martial youth of America. He was born of Irish parentage, in the city of Philadelphia, in 1843, and, after receiving an excellent early education, joined the Fifteenth Pennsylvania, cavalry, attached to the army of Cumberland, in 1862. He took part in all the brilliant campaigns of that gallant army, under Generals Rosecrans and Thomas. Although but a mere boy in years, his soldierly bearing attracted the attention of his commanding officers, and for conspicuous bravery at the bloody battle of Stone River, or Murfreesboro, he received a medal of honor. His record was so meritorious, although he had no political patrons, that President Lincoln, at the conclusion of the civil war, appointed him a cadet at large of the West Point Military academy, whence he graduated with high honors in the class of 1869. Appointed second lieutenant in the Third cavalry, he was soon deeply engaged in Indian warfare on the wild frontiers and distinguished himself so frequently that he was repeatedly mentioned in general orders. When Gen. Crook was appointed to the task of subduing the fierce Apaches of Arizona early in the 70's Lieut. Bourke was his favorite aide-de-camp, and remained so until the secretary of war, in Cleveland's first administration, established the four years turn of duty as the limit at which a line officer could be continuously detached from his regiment. Lieut. Bourke was present at every important engagement fought between Crook's force and the warlike savages of the southwest, and came with that commander to the Department of the Platte just before the beginning of the Sioux war of 1876. He participated in the bold attack on Crazy Horse's village among the bluffs of Powder river on March 17 of that year, when Col. Reynolds' command achieved a brilliant but bootless victory, as the war broke out with increased fury later on. In the summer campaign of '76 Lieut. Bourke was engaged in the fight on Tongue River, June 9; in the battle of Rosebud Creek, Mont., June 17, where he displayed extraordinary daring in rallying the defeated friendly Indian tribes and leading them back against their enemies, in company with his friend and fellow campaigner, Capt. George M. Randall, of the Twenty-Third infantry. At Slim Butte's fight, on Sept. 9, Bourke, at the imminent risk of his life, rescued an Indian baby from death, although exposed to the double fire of friends and foes. The man did not know such a sensation as fear. He was a born knight of romance and chivalry, and his every impulse was noble and gallant. He accompanied Gen. R. S. McKenzie on his winter campaign of the centennial year against the Cheyennes under Dull Knife. The hostile village was assaulted, after a terrible night march over a country covered with snow and ice, at daylight in the morning of Nov. 24. Bourke was one of the conspicuous leaders of the charge, which resulted in the capture of the village and the death of most of its brave, if savage, defenders. Although exposed to the very hottest of the fire, Bourke came off unscathed, but his beloved friend, Lieut. John A. McKinney, and over twenty soldiers perished in the action.

Ever constant to duty, Lieut. Bourke had an active share in the operations which finally led to the surrender of Crazy Horse, and a majority of the hostile Sioux and Cheyenne tribes, in 1877. After quiet was restored in the Department of the Platte, Lieut. Bourke again accompanied Gen. Crook to Arizona and served faithfully in that department during the operations against Geronimo and his allies.

After leaving the staff of Gen. Crook, Lieut. Bourke went back to his regiment. His promotion to a captaincy speedily followed, and, with his troop, he served on the Rio Grande frontier in Texas during the filibustering troubles of 1891-2. At the period of the World's Fair in this city, he had charge of the convent of La Rabida his intimate acquaintance with Spanish language and history rendering him invaluable in that department.

Although a soldier above and before all other things, Capt. Bourke's tastes were distinctly scientific and literary. Anthropology was, to him, a most fascinating study. He was a graphic military writer also, and no more brilliant story of an expedition has ever been published than his description of "McKenzie's Last Battle." Among his most widely known books, for he was a prolific author, may be mentioned "An Apache Campaign," "On the Border with Crook" and "The Snake Dance of the Moquis." He had also a profound knowledge of botany and mineralogy, and nearly all of his works bristle with valuable information on these subjects.

Captain Bourke married a charming daughter of Omaha, Neb., about ten years ago. Three children, all girls, were born of the union and all survive their father. Owing to his wonderful knowledge of matters connected with the army, the captain was, for a long time after his marriage, on detached service at the war department in Washington, and, during that period, he accomplished most of his work as an author. He had much valuable material remaining which we hope will be edited and published by his admirers, because every subject he touched was of public interest, and was handled in a thoroughly able manner.

In private life, Captain Bourke was the soul of amiability. He was utterly free from affectation of any kind, and, when not in harness, was as charmingly simple and companionable as any light hearted school boy. He was, withal, an indefatigable worker, and loved to read and write books, especially such as bore on war and the sciences. In friendship he was simply unchangeable, and the clasp of his manly hand and the flash of greeting from his dark eyes thoroughly indicated the brave and loyal nature of the man.

Although his career has closed prematurely—the result of his long and arduous service on the Indian frontier—he has left behind him a glorious memory and works that will not allow his name to perish. His dying moments were cheered by the presence of the noble wife he loved so well. He had been critically ill for three weeks before death finally called him from this to a better life. During the last three years of his career, his post of duty was at Fort Ethan Allen, Vt.—a post built on historic ground and situated amid some of the most beautiful and enchanting scenery on the continent. There his three bereaved little girls await the return of him whom they shall meet on this earth no more. He was the fondest of fathers, and it is, indeed, sorrowful that his little daughters should be deprived of his protecting love in the tenderest years of their lives.

Military and civic honors will mark his descent into the last resting place of all mankind. The army whose service he so nobly illustrated will pay his memory deserved tribute of respect. He was president of the American Folk Lore society when he died, a recognition given to his merit as an author and a scientist.

The remains, it is stated, will be laid to rest in Arlington, Va., close to those of his old commander and dear friend, General George Crook. A worthier spot could not be chosen.

Sleep, soldier, still in honored rest,
Your truth and valor wearing.
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

LET US TOLERATE EACH OTHER (IF WE CAN.)

Our usually good humored and gentlemanly contemporary the New York Irish Republic, is cranky in its last issue over an article headed, "Let all Unite for Ireland," published in THE CITIZEN of May 30. Our contemporary's tone is, to say the least of it, intolerant. What harm can "a convention of the Irish race, to be held in Dublin next September," do the Irish movement, either "morally" or "physically?" The Republic calls it "John Dillon's convention." Some people called the convention held in Chicago last September "The Irish Republic's convention," or "THE CITIZEN'S convention." Well, we held our convention without interruption from anybody and declared our principles. THE CITIZEN requires no indorsement from the Irish Republic, or any other source, in regard to the latter. It has said repeatedly that it never had faith in parliamentary action, and only tolerated it because the majority of the Irish people everywhere, including numerous "revolutionists," *would* give Mr. Parnell and his methods a trial. In regard to the prospective Dublin convention we merely recommended the union of creeds and the avoidence of sectarianism. There was no indorsement of the convention in the article, but even if there had been, we are a free agent, and we have no means of knowing before-hand what policy such a convention might adopt. If, for example, the whole Irish race is to be represented, we apprehend that a majority of said race must be rebels and physical force men at heart. We cannot convert them to revolutionary opinions by abusing them in advance of their action. It may happen that, like the Republic and ourselves, they will have seen enough of the futile workings of moral force by the time they meet and take the opposite tack—that is come around to where we stand. If the Irish Revolutionists are a majority, and the convention is free for all, there is no good reason why their policy should not prevail in it. Of course there is that awkward person, the attorney-general for the English in Ireland. His near presence may have a chilling effect on the convention, because Irish attorney-generals have a smart way of getting up indictments and packing juries that would make an American prosecuting lawyer's head swim.

Both the Irish Republic and THE CITIZEN are sufficiently well known as "rebellious" or revolutionary organs of Irish-American public opinion. They can afford to let Mr. Dillon hold his convention—if, indeed, it be his—and also give him some good advice. We see no good reason why our New York friend should fly into a temper over Mr. Dillon's convention and our allusion thereto. Let not your angry passions rise, dear Republic, and keep your wrath bottled up for your enemies. THE CITIZEN will not be chained down to cast iron limits of toleration. It sees no harm in even "moral force" conventions, if they are sensibly conducted and let those who honestly differ from their methods alone. Who knows but that Mr. Dillon may be a Fenian at heart? Perhaps, when the Irish Republic calls him to arms, he will grasp a pike, mayhap a rifle, and rush, panting for gore and glory, to the bloody fore front of freedom's battle. The Dillons used to be fighters, as Cremona and Fontenoy can attest. John Dillon's father was a "rebel," who "rail the pot-law's brief career and bore his load of ill" in 1848. Like father, like son. Many revolutionists in youth have become moral force men in age, and vice versa. John Dillon may belong to the latter class. Like the rest of us, he may be only waiting for "the opportunity." Thiggin tu, Mac, ma bouchal?

FRANK GRUARD, SCOUT AND HERO.

Frank Gruard, or Grouard, "for fame spells the heroic syllables both ways," was in the city last week visiting Buffalo Bill and his Wild West—the first time Frank, who is 46 years of age, was ever east of the Missouri river. Those learned in frontier history do not need to be told who Frank Gruard is. He comes of mixed blood—French, Malayan and American. Such a man ought to, and does, make a good combination. His father who, in early life, was a Franco-American missionary to the South Sea Islands, married the daughter of a high chief, and Frank was the second child of the union. Mrs. Gruard died within a few years and Frank's father returned to America, settling at San Bernardino, Cal. Thence Frank started, when about 17 years old, to seek his fortune as a Plains' teamster between San Bernardino and Santa Fe. Thence he drifted to the northern territories as a rider of the Across the Continent pony express. While so engaged he was captured in Montana by Sitting Bull, the terrible Sioux chief, recently deceased. Frank's Malay blood, tact and courage saved him from the torture and death. As a prisoner, he had to make the best of the situation and roamed the plains as an adopted Sioux, with his savage captors, for several years. Finally, the life became unbearable, and, at the risk of recapture and destruction, he broke away from the Indian village, one stormy night, and, after almost incredible hardships, regained the country of the whites. This was shortly before the Sitting Bull outbreak of 20 years ago. Gruard, who had many old scores to repay the Sioux, became a government scout and was soon taken notice of by the late Gen. Crook, who employed him in many important operations. Gruard's knowledge of the Indian country was phenomenal. You could drop him down from the clouds, so to speak, in any part of it, and he would have little or no difficulty in locating the exact spot. Every land mark was familiar to his eyes—it was the book of nature thrown open to an apt pupil. He was, also, surpassingly courageous and shrank from no duty, however dangerous, imposed upon him. Gen. Crook, whose experience of the frontier was vast, and whose knowledge of men was all but perfect, made Frank his chief of scouts in 1876. His exploits are too numerous to be recorded in the short space of this article, but his fame became national after his brilliant and successful guidance of the members of the Sibley scout through the Big Horn mountains in July '76. This was one of the hardiest adventures recorded in American Border history, and had in it an element of romance seldom associated with such expeditions. The editor of THE CITIZEN was the only newspaper correspondent who accompanied it, and he has told the story in the columns of the old Chicago Times and in the pages of "Warpath and Bivouac." Gruard remained in the government service for nearly twenty years, and finally had to quit it because of disability incurred while seeking to break a wagon trail through the Big Horn range a few winters ago. In this attempt, he came very near to losing his life and was afflicted with snow-blindness, from which he has only partially recovered. We met Gruard for the first time in about a score of years at the Auditorium Annex last Saturday, and the sight of him vividly recalled the stirring times of '76 and succeeding years. He has not changed much in appearance, except that he has grown rather stout and a few gray hairs mingle with the thick black locks which still thatch his massive head.

On his dark face a scorching clime
And toil have done the work of time,
Roughened the brow, the temples bared
And sable hairs with silver shared,
Yet left what age alone can tame—
The lip of pride and eye of flame;
The full drawn lip still upward curl'd,
The eye that seems to scorn the world;
That lip which terror never blenched,
Ne'er in that eye hath tear drop quenched
The flash severe of swarthy glow
That mocks at pain and knows not woe,
Inured to danger's direst form,
Tornado, earthquake, flood and storm,
Death he has seen by sudden blow,
By wasting plague and torture slow,
By mine and breach, by steel and ball
Knows all his shapes and scorns them all!

Such is a fair poetical summary—borrowed from Walter Scott—of the man trusted and honored by the brave General Crook. Frank Gruard, notwithstanding his great labors and hair breath escapes, is still in the prime of life, and dwells mostly in the valleys of the glorious Big Horn country—by many considered the most picturesque in America. He is the manager of Col. Cody's great horse and stock range, and has active employment enough to keep him in mind of the perilous nights and days when he guided the columns of Crook from the forks of the Platte to the sources of the Yellowstone.

MEDILL ON FRANKLIN.

A very notable event in the history of this city occurred in Lincoln Park last Saturday. It was the unveiling of the fine statue of Benjamin Franklin presented to the Old Time Printers' association and to the Lincoln Park board of commissioners by the Hon. Joseph Medill. An immense audience surrounded the place of unveiling, which is situated in the great circle of the park. Temporary seats for the accommodation of about a thousand persons had been provided, but they were found insufficient and were given up to the ladies. The chairman of the occasion was Mr. M. J. Carroll, an old time printer, and the orator was H. D. Eastbrook. The unveiling was done by Mr. Rene Bache, of Washington, D.C., a lineal descendant of Benjamin Franklin. John J. Flinn, of the Observer, read a poem appropriate to the event. Addresses were delivered by Chairman Carroll, Mr. Medill, Mr. Conrad Kohler, President of the Old Time Printers' association, Mr. William Penn Nixon and Mr. P. F. Pettibone. But the interest of the occasion appeared to centre in the remarks of the veteran donor of the statue, who, perhaps, combines more of Franklin in his disposition and acquirements than any living American. Mr. Medill's chivalry was, no doubt, aroused originally by the seeming neglect with which Franklin's memory has been treated by most of his countrymen. His remains lie beside those of his wife under an humble slab, in a Philadelphia cemetry. Franklin did for America what Wolfe Tone some twenty years later attempted to do for Ireland—secured the armed aid of France in sufficient force, to complete the destruction of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and with it the destruction of English rule in the United States, which had declared its independence some years previous to the French alliance. Mr. Medill, in the course of his remarks, said:

"I confess to have been an admirer of Dr. Franklin since boyhood. His writings, maxims, and doings made a deep impression on my youthful mind. I saw that he was an unselfish helper of his kind and a sympathetic friend of the struggling poor, and sought in every way in his power to aid them.

"As I grew older and studied his career more deeply I began to discover what a multifold and far-reaching mind he possessed, and that all his thoughts were centered in promoting the good and advancing the welfare of his countrymen. Still later I found that he was mighty in creative statesmanship, and that nearly a quarter of a century before the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed to the world, and which he helped to frame, there was born in his mind the grand idea of a political union of all the British colonies in America. He studied the scheme carefully and formulated on paper a plan of such union, based on republican principles, equal rights, personal freedom, and self-government. He believed at that early day, 1754, this continent should and was destined to be one free nation composed of self-governing citizens. The plan of government which he devised bore a remarkable similtude to the State and Federal governments which thirty-five years later he helped to build. His idea of 1754, which received wide approval in the thirteen colonies, but was rejected by the mother country, lived in men's minds till the time was ripe for its adoption as the framework of the great plan embodied in the Constitution created in 1787 by Washington, himself, and others.

"Franklin was an ardent nationalist from the time he devised his scheme of a colonial union and during all the half century that comprised the rest of his life.

"After the contention with England over American rights became acute he opposed a reconciliation unless all the colonial grievances were removed. And after the war broke out he was sent by the Congress to New York to hear what terms of peace the British General, Lord Howe, had to offer at a time when the American cause looked gloomy and almost desperate. Franklin would listen to no terms that did not acknowledge national independence to the revolutionists. Otherwise, he said, the war must be fought out to the end. And then he went to France to induce that nation to give to the struggling insurgents the assistance that was absolutely essential to achieving independence, and obtained it.

"Franklin's accomplishment may be thus summarized: First, he was a printer in all its branches, a past-master of the craft, then publisher, editor, author, business-man, inventor, legislator, electrician, scientist, political economist, diplomatist, statesman, philosopher and philanthropist.

"Some men were superior to Franklin in a particular specialty, and others may have been his equal in two or three things, but no man known to history ever equalled him in all the things in which he was great. Think over the many matters Franklin excelled in and then search for his peer in all or half of them. You will discover that he was more nearly a universal genius than any man of ancient or modern times. He possessed a brain that seemed to grasp and comprehend every subject of human thought. It is hard to name any man of greater deductive powers. In that process of reasoning by which we arrive at the necessary consequence, starting from a premise, who was superior to Franklin unless it was Bacon? Who was more persuasive in his argument unless it was Webster? He discovered hidden things by deduction and proved them afterwards by experiment. He seemed to be endowed with intuitional insight in his investigations, and his reasonings were almost as conclusive as mathematics. He left a wonderful impression on the minds of his generation. But among all his preeminences he was most remarkable for his sympathies for poor, unfortunate, suffering humanity.

"Such, in very brief, was the great man whose statue will now be unveiled to your eyes, revealing in bronze the counterfeit self of America's eminent printer, statesman, philosoper, and philanthropist, Dr. Benjamin Franklin."

RUPTURE OF THE WHIG ALLIANCE.

The hollowness of Anglo-Irish political alliances is well illustrated in the present "strained relations" existing between the Irish Parliamentary (Whig) party and the English "Liberals," who chiefly represent the peculiar "Nonconformist conscience" of England. It is no wonder that the Tory organs poke heavy fun at all concerned. We find in in the London Spectator, of recent date, the following:

"We are, therefore, by no means disposed to exult in the repulsion which is developing itself between the English Nonconformists and the Irish Home-rulers. It may threaten greater evils than the fear of Irish home rule itself. But, for the present at least, the cause of home rule is gone to the dogs. The Irish sympathizers in the United States are weary of their long and barren efforts, and no longer pour out their thousands and tens of thousands to stimulate the Irish agitation. The Irish party itself is split into three parts, with no real hope of reunion. And now the English Nonconformists have shaken the dust off their feet and declared that they will no longer fight with any earnestness for a party which is actually disinclined to impose undenominational education as a test-creed on all the elementary schools of the English people. It seems, we must say, one of the most arbitrary and unreasonable tests ever yet devised by a political party for the acceptance of Irish Catholics—'Unless you Irish Catholics who are naturally the devotees of a creed in Ireland, will be bigots for Undenominationalism in England, we will have nothing to say to you.' But really the outbreak is a perfectly natural result of the long simmering of scores of resentful feelings fed by a reluctant and even repulsive alliance. The Irish Catholics and English Nonconformists are altogether too antagonistic in political no less than religious genius for any lasting co-operation.

"Mr. Gladstone achieved a sort of political miracle in getting them to act together at all, but when the great enchanter went, it was certain enough that sooner or later the strain would be too great to endure. And now the time has come. The Nonconformist conscience has revolted, and can no longer tolerate association with Denominationalists pure and simple, who are not even willing to ignore the claims of the Irish and English Catholics, even though living in England, on their sympathy. The evidence of their monstrous indifference to Nonconformist sympathies is quite too much for the Nonconformists. They can endure it no longer. If the Irish party will go to the right, the Nonconformists will go to the left, but for Protestant and Papist to act still together is more than a Protestant conscience can bear. Nor is it very surprising. It is difficult to imagine an alliance more distinctly against the grain than that of Archbishop Walsh with Mr. Hugh Price Hughes. To churn together water and oil could hardly be more hopeless."

Denominationalism! Yes, we have the old flame back again—fanned, of course, by the wily Tories, on an English basis, for purposes of their own. What care the Tories, more than the Whigs, for separate schools, only as a part of the policy for maintaining "the integrity of the Empire," and giving to the Irish cause particularly the appearance of a sectarian question? While ever Ireland fights for Irish rights, from a sectarian standpoint, Protestant or Catholic, she will never meet with anything but defeat and humiliation. The longer Catholics and Protestants are kept asunder in institutions of learning, whether primary or general, the longer British supremacy in Ireland will remain. Sectarianism has cost Ireland torrents of blood and millions of broad acres, ever since Henry VIII. first forced it upon that unfortunate country. Throughout the reigns of Edward VI., Elizabeth, James I., Charles I. and the usurpation of Cromwell, it was a repetition of the same experience. Nor was there much of an improvement under Charles II., who, like certain American politicians we could name, neglected his friends and rewarded his foes.

Ireland fought for James II. on an issue largely sectarian, and, in the end, became a victim of her religious chivalry. Yet, her defense of the unfortunate James was one of the noblest incidents in her history. But for her forced connection with the English crown, there had been no need of fighting for him, any more than for the Irish party of today taking sides with the Tory sectarians. An independent Ireland would have recognized the right of all denominations to worship God according to the dictates of conscience—as was well illustrated by the magnanimously liberal acts passed by the Irish National parliament which assembled at the call of James, in 1689—and there would have been no need for a sectarian revolution. But the connection with England made Ireland fight on an apparently sectarian issue, with the result that every country of Northern Europe, as well as England, was her enemy and placed armies in the field to fight her. It would be trite to recall the horrors of the penal laws. We know what Ireland suffered by them. They were, in the main, Whig laws, sustained by the Tories who had forsaken the dynasty of Stuart for that of Hanover.

Irishmen are prone to cite the United States as an example of civil and religious liberty, where all creeds are equal. They are equal because the wisdom of the great men who founded the republic and molded the constitution made them so, and they will be nothing more nor less while that constitution endures. Zealots of all creeds are compelled to respect it, because it has behind it moral as well as physical forces that are invincible. It says to the religious bigot, "Thus far shalt thou go and no further!"

O'Connell used to say when something complimentary appeared about him in the English papers, "Well, what crime have I been committing against Ireland now?" And so, when the London Spectator, in a measure, pats the Irish Parliamentary party on the back for voting against the Liberals, that party may well look upon such praise with suspicion. We greatly doubt whether the representatives of a people struggling to be free have placed themselves in a good light before Europe and America by voting as they did recently on the subject of denominational education. As the prelates and ministers of the English Established church are paid, for the most part, out of government funds, it makes little difference whether their school-teachers are paid from the same degrading source. But the prelates and priests of the Catholic church are supported by the free offerings of their people. Once upon a time the British government made a proposition to pay them from the public (government) exchequer, so as to render them "independent of their flocks," as they expressed it, but the great Daniel O'Connell, and the noble Bishop Doyle of Kildare and Leighlin, sat heavily down on the proposition, and it was heard of no more.

Now, under the new bill, the Catholic teachers, in England, will become beneficiaries of the government. The money to pay them will come from government sources, and, no doubt, the same system will finally extend to Ireland, where now the public system of education is practically non-sectarian. It is well known to all people who have been educated in Ireland that in three of the provinces, at least, the Catholic and Protestant children get along splendidly under what, in this country, has been designated the Fairbault system. We should very much dislike to have the

young people of Ireland trained into sectarianism by this English method. There should be a common meeting place, outside of churches and parish schools, for the youth of all creeds, where they could recognize each other as "children of the same soil and heirs of the same destiny." Ireland's faith does not suffer for want of sectarian education while the excellent Christian Brothers' schools, where Irish history is well taught, remain to her. But, if once the English government becomes the paymaster of Catholic teachers in Ireland, Irish history will be taught no better than it is in the so-called non-sectarian "National" schools now maintained by that government in Ireland.

Let it not be forgotten that, before the disestablishment act, Maynooth clerical college was "endowed" by English government money. It became, during the Fenian period, hateful in Irish eyes, and the anti-national conduct of some of the clergy graduated from thence drove thousands of young Irishmen a generation ago to the verge of infidelity. Many good Irish priests, strange to say, came out of "endowed" Maynooth, but it was in spite of rather than because of their training in the institution that they remained national in feeling. The Catholic body in Ireland, as a Catholic body, cannot afford to touch a penny of England's money. Denominational education cannot be accepted as a substitute for self-government. If it is, there will be trouble.

On the whole, we think that a study of American educational methods would prove a blessing not alone to Ireland, but also to the people of England, Scotland and the Welsh principality. Here all creeds meet on the broad basis of Americanism—the Catholic, the Episcopalian, the Dissenter, the Jew. The children grow up together in amity—all strictly trained in their own peculiar form of religion in their churches and Sunday-schools. When they arrive at manhood, or womanhood, they are unchanged in faith, but, socially and politically, are broad and liberal. They feel that they are the brothers and sisters of a common family—the family of human liberty; they are truly able to say

And though ten thousand altars bear
On each to heaven a different prayer,
By light of moon, or light of sun,
At Freedom's we shall all be one.

AMONG the prominent Chicagoans who are soon to sail for Ireland are Major William C. McClure and Captain William Buckley.

THE sale of seats for the Press Club matinee, July 18, will be opened at McVicker's Theatre in due time. The Gay Parisians company will present one of Sterling Coyne's farce-comedies and a number of the best specialties will piece out the programme.

A VERY largely attended meeting of the South Side councils of the Irish National Alliance was held at the school hall, Ashland avenue and Forty-eighth streets, Friday evening of last week. Mr. James A. Flanagan presided and addresses were delivered by John F. Finerty, John T. Keating, Lawrence Henely and others. A large number of members enrolled themselves.

THE Young Men's Sodality club of the Holy Family parish won new honors in Apollo hall, on Blue Island avenue, Wednesday night. The club gave its third minstrel performance before one of the biggest and most appreciative audiences that ever assembled in Apollo hall.

New West Side Store.

THE CITIZEN is pleased to be able to announce that the wide awake firm of P. F. Ryan & Co. has opened a branch store at 961-963 West Lake street, Madigan's old stand, where the low prices and large variety in dry goods that have made the Madison street store famous and prosperous can be obtained.

P. F. Ryan & Co. are close buyers and purchase in enormous quantities for cash, and with the advantage of low rents and light expenses are making prices that cannot be duplicated for moderation elsewere in Chicago. This will be good news for the people residing in the vicinity of the new store. A number of special bargains, as an introductory sale, are now being offered.

HYMENEAL.

GLEASON-CROWLEY.

The marriage of Miss Mary Crowley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Crowley of 3718 South Halstead street, to Mr. Martin Gleason, was celebrated last Wednesday evening at Nativity church Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, in the presence of about five hundred relatives. The Rev. Father McCormick officiated. The house and church were profusely decorated with American beauty roses, and the altar before which the couple stood during the ceremony, was festooned with smilax and asparagus ferns. The bride was attended by Miss Mary Danaher, and Harvey Donegan acted as best man. Miss Kittie Crowley, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and Capt. J. Sisk acted as assistant groomsman. The ushers were James Lynch, Daniel Murphy, John O'Brien and James Cotter. Miss Kittie McCarthy acted as bouquet and ribbon bearer. The bride wore a gown of heavy ivory satin, trimmed with Irish point lace and carried sweet peas.

A reception was held from 8 to 10 p. m., for three hundred guests. Among the invited were the following and their wives:

W. F. Mahoney, Maurice Walsh, Daniel Quinn, Denis Tierney, Wm. Flannigan, John O'Brien, Malachy Hogan, Timothy Gorman, J. Geru, P. Casey, Lawrence Ryan, Otto Hansomer, James Stenson, Mrs. Hogan, Misses Mary Danaher, Nellie Heelan, Mary Heelan, Misses Hogan, cousins of the groom, Misses Julia, Minnie and Nellie Crowley, Mary Raleigh, Miss Baker and Misses Gleason. Messrs. M. J. Keane, Thomas Burke, John Purcell, James Cotter, M. Crowley, Joseph Dupec, Timothy Casey, Daniel Murphy, John Tehan, John Carroll and Daniel F. Cotter. After the reception a dance was held in Columbia hall, in which all the younger element participated. All will join with their numerous friends in wishing the young couple a long life of happiness.

DETMER-DOWNEY.

The wedding of Miss Ester Marie Downey, the youngest daughter of John Downey, to Julian Francis Detmer took place at St. Jarlath's church Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock, Rev. Father Cashman, assisted by Fathers Cox and Cotter, officiating. After the ceremony at the church a reception of the immediate friends and relatives of the family was held at the home of the bride's father in West Adams street. After the reception Mr. and Mrs. Detmer left for New York to sail by the Teutonic for Europe, where they will tour until Aug. 1. They will be at home at the Lexington hotel Sept. 16.

FARDY-MAHONEY.

The marriage of Miss Catherine Fardy and Michael A. Mahoney was celebrated at the Holy Family church Wednesday morning, Rev. Fathers Mulcrony, O'Neill and Bronsgeest performing the ceremony.

A. O. H. NEWS.

The following circular has been sent out by Div. No. 1, East St. Louis:

HALL OF DIVISION No. 1, A. O. H. EAST ST. LOUIS, Ill., June 1 1866. *To the Members of the A. O. H. in Illinois—Brothers:* Wednesday evening, May 27, 1896, our city was swept by one of the most destructive tornadoes ever known. Over one hundred persons are known to have perished, while as many more are hovering between life and death. The entire western portion of the city is one vast field of desolation and sorrow. Our citizens have done their utmost to relieve immediate want, but our means are totally inadequate to relieve the indescribable destitution everywhere prevalent. Fully two thousand persons are without food, clothing or shelter, and dependent upon charity. Unless outside assistance soon reaches us, hunger and inclement weather will claim hundreds of victims.

CAN YOU HELP US?

We delayed issuing this circular until convinced that delay would multiply cases of sorrow and despair. We appeal to your well-known charity in behalf of hungry and naked children, heartbroken wives and mothers. A pall of gloom rests on our people, whose spirits are crushed beyond description. Language can convey no idea of the awful condition of our people, who have lost everything. God will bless you for your assistance. Let it be prompt and generous. All remittances should be addressed to Daniel McGlynn, 1298 Gaty avenue, and will be promptly acknowledged. Hoping that you may never experience such an awful calamity as has befallen us, and that our appeal will not be in vain, and thanking you in advance for your assistence, we remain in the cause of charity. Yours fraternally,

DAN. McGLYNN,
THOMAS HANNIFAN,
T. J. FITZPATRICK.

Approved:
J. T. KEATING, State President.
JOHN J. ARD.
P. F. McKANE.

WHAT ARE OUR YOUNG MEN DOING?

BY P. T. M'G.

What are our young men doing
For Freedom's cause today?
What are our young men doing
To break the stranger's sway?
When threatening clouds are gathering
Around the tyrants' car,
And the air is charged with fire
That may burst in bolts of war.

What are our young men doing
While the reek and lurid glare
Of our burning homes blush heaven,
And taint the morning air?
And the spoiler unmolested
On his march of ruin speeds,
And the plain is swept of people,
And the hearth is grown with weeds.

What are our young men doing?
The Cuban draws the sword—
And the Boer drives from his portals
The invading robber horde.
And the dusky sons of Africa—
The Kaffir Soudanee
Will ne'er let foe enslave them
While they've hands to keep them free.

What are our young men doing?
Tomorrow's dawn may come
With the walls of Herat trembling
To the beat of Russia's drum.
And a million Cossacks charging
O'er the plains of Hindostan.
Whose swords would flash for Freedom
From the Slaney to the Bann.

What are our young men doing
To hasten England's doom,
And rear a mighty nation
Over dark Oppression's tomb?
Whate'er his creed or color
Our friend is Britain's foe.
What are our young men doing
To effect her overthrow?

St. Boniface School.

The laying of the corner stone of the St. Boniface school, now in course of erection at the corner of Cornell and Noble streets, took place last Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock, with ceremonies of the Catholic church. Rev. Father Fischer officiated at the ceremonies, assisted by Henry Schlacks. A large number of priests were in attendance. The young men's society of the parish attended in a body, as also did the Foresters' society and other organizations of the parish. Rev. Mr. Theile gave the address, dwelling principally on the importance of schools. This building, when completed, will be one of the finest parochial schools in the city. It is a three-story structure, of which the first and second stories will contain the schoolrooms, with necessary wardrobes. The third floor will be used for an entertainment hall, with a seating capacity of 500. The basement will be used for playrooms and will also contain a gymnasium for the larger pupils, with a bowling alley, bathrooms and lockers.

GAELIC PROSE.

Cath Cluana Tairbh.
(D'aithris ughdar éigin.)
(*Dublin Gaelic Journal.*)

(AN LEANAMHAIN)

Annsin d'ionnsuigh Murchadh mac Briain agus na priomh-ghaisgidhigh de'n Dáil g-Cais do bhi ar a theaghlach na Lochlannaigh. D'ionnsuigh Cian mac Maolmhuaidh agus Dómhnall mac Duibh-dá-Bhuireann mar son le riogbaibh deiscirt Mhumhan na Laighnigh agus Maolmórdha mac Murchadha. D'ionnsuigh Tadhg O Ceallaigh agus Cathal O Conchobhair mar son le maithibh Connacht Gáill Atha Cliath. Agus adubhairt Brian nach é deireadh do chuirfeadh ar an g-Carrghas dul ar marbhadh daoine, agus d'fhan ina phubaill agus a shaltair ina fhiadhnaise. D'fheuch Murchadh mac Briain tairis, agus do chonnairc gur thréig Maoiseachlainn, ri Midhe, iad, agus gur fhág an cath faoi féin, (agus is mar sin do gheall,sé an oidhche roimhe sin do na Gallaibh), agus do chuir gort brannair idir é agus iad. Amharcais Murchadh Dúnlaing O h-Artagáin uaidh san gcath, agus d'fháiltigh Murchadh roimhe agus is é adubhairt, "Creud fá'r fhanais an fad so uaim, a Dhúnlaing, agus ba hiad fuaim do bhuillidhe agus do bhéimeann d'aithneamarne?" "Beag an t-iongnadh," do ráidh Dúnlaing, "óir do bhi beanna agus niamh-bhrat draoidheacta orm-sa ó Aoibbill, go nach dtiucfainn 'san chath so do chabhair Bhriain ná dod' chabhair-se. Gidheadh ni bhfuil tairbhe dham ag teacht, óir do gheabhair-se agus Brian agus do mhac Toirdhealbhach bás insan gcath so indiu, agus mórán maille ribh de mhaithibh Eireann Agus atáid sgeula móra agam duit, dá mbadh am a nochtta duit, agus ó nach eadh, dingeabhad-sa an fear comhlainn céad is doilighe leat id' aghaidh insan chath so." "Truagh sin," ar Murchadh; "is iomdha sin ar an muigh so indiu." "Tar liom gus 'an áit i bhfuil Aoibheall ós cionn an chatha so," do ráidh Dúnlaing.

NOTES—Ui Chuanach, Coonagh barony, East Limerick.

Corc, whence O Cuirc, Quirke.

Musgraighe Miothaine or Musgraighe Ui Fhloinn (of O'Flynn) now Musgrylin, N. W. of Cork County.

Eachthighearn, (lord of steeds) whence O h-Eachthigearn, Ahern.

Donnagán, whence O Donnagáin, O'Donegan.

C Ara, in N. W. Tipperary. "O Clarmhaic, now barbarized to 'Kliby' was the chief." O'Donovan, *Book of Rights.*

Carrghas (pr Karrecss) Lent. For gha—ce see note on Donnghal above.

Pubaill, tent. sallair, psalter, branar, a fallow.

Do ráidh, archaic—adubhairt.

Beanna, corners of a mantle, etc. Niamhbhrat, a bright cloak.

Dingeabhad, future of diongbhaim, I ward off.

Fear comhlainn céad, a man (capable) of fighting 100.

Gus an áit, now go dti an áit.

(LEANTAR DE SEO.)

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

The regular monthly meeting of the Lyceum will be held on Thursday evening, the 18th inst., at 8 o'clock in Unity hall 77 Thirty-first street, near Cottage Grove avenue, and members and patrons will please note the change in date of meeting, being one week earlier than usual, the third Thursday instead of the fourth. The subject of debate will be "Has Parliamentary Agitation Been a Failure in Ireland?" The speakers will be men well versed in the Irish political situation of to-day, and the discussion will undoubtedly be interesting and instructive. The usual musical programme will be given. Admission by ticket only. All are invited to be present. For further information, also free tickets of admission, apply to the secretary, Thomas J. Sherlock, 194 Dearborn avenue.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

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Reduced Rates.

On account of the National Republican Convention in St. Louis, which will be held June 16, the Chicago & Alton will make an excursion rate of one standard first class fare for the round trip to St. Louis, from all its stations, including Chicago, Bloomington, Peoria, Kansas City and Springfield. Reduced one way rates to St. Louis will also be in effect. For full particulars address R. Somerville, General Agent Passenger Department, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 101 Adams street, Chicago, Illinois.

Scotch Humor.

"When we have a fallacy in Scotland," said Mr. Thomas Shaw, M.P., in the course of his bright and convincing speech at the Liberation society's meeting recently, "we stick a joke in it, and the thing explodes." He gave an example, associated with the fallacy of the "open door" of the Established church. A minister once submitted an account for the tithes to a blacksmith, whose exclamation: "But I don't go to your church!" was met by the rejoinder "No, but the door of my church is always open." Next day the blacksmith submitted an account for shoeing to the minister, whose exclamation "But my horses are not shod at your smithy!" was met with the rejoinder "No, but the door of my smithy is always open."

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

DARK NIALL MOR.

BY THOMAS C. MURRAY.

O, say have you seen my dark Bouchal Machree?
You'd know him mid thousands so stately is he;
Like Erin's Ard Righ in his mien, yet the doe
Ne'er bounded so free o'er the crags of Dunloe;
Coal-black gleam his tresses, and coal-black his eye,
And my little brown head to his breast reaches high;
Not nobler was sad-fated Naisi of yore,
And he loves me so fondly, my dark Niall Mor,
He loves me so dearly, my dark Niall Mor.

Though he's strong as the young oak that grows in the glen,
Though stern is his look as the coldest of men,
O, heard you his words when he sits down with me,
And pictures the joy-days that soon are to be.
Sure you'd think 'twas the voice of some soft-breasted dove
That sighed to its mate on the green bough above;
Not a sailor on sea or a soldier on shore,
Can match with my matchless, my dark Niall Mor—
My brave-hearted Niall, my dark Niall Mor.

All the colleens from here to the top of Knockbree
Are wastin' away for wild envy of me,
And 'twas only last Sunday that Kathleen O'Day
(My own second cousin) and Sheela McKay,
As I met them half-way 'tween the fort and the town,
Put their hoods on their heads, and passed by with a frown;
But what need I their love when my heart's flowin' o'er
With the honey-sweet love of my dark Niall Mor—
Sweetest love of all loves, love of dark Niall Mor?

Last evening we wandered away and away,
Till we came to Gougane* where the Saint used to pray,
And the moon through the twilight rose rounded and slow,
And shed o'er the dim wave its sacred-like glow.
Then Niall spoke grave of some danger to be,
How the brave "boys" were risin' their country to free;
So, trembling, I knelt on the dew-moistened shore,
And vowed 'mid my tears o'er to love Niall Mor—
To love but him only, my dark Niall Mor.

O, I'm proud of my bouchal, what soul wouldn't be,
In the love of a heart half so noble as he?
But fairlort† there's a pain and a dread with my pride,
And mavrone for the day when he goes from my side!
All the night sure I dreamed that above me he stood,
With his face like the Death, and his green sash all blood,
O, Virgin, in pity, my darling watch o'er,
O, guard him, my peerless, my dark Niall Mor—
The throb of my bosom, my dark Niall Mor.

*The lake of Gougane Barra, the source of the River Lee, where the ruins of St. Fin Barr's monastery may still be seen. †Pronounced for-eer—alas. —*Dublin Freeman.*

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THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

This historical and patriotic picture, mounted on glass and framed in a2-inch shell frame, gold, or white and gold, frame 12x18 inches, will be sent Free to any reader of THE CITIZEN who sends in two new subscribers, paid in advance. This offer will last for a short time only.

1875. 1896.
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A most attractive programme, including military drills, and athletic sports, for which prizes will be awarded, has been prepared. Military music will be furnished by the regimental band, and there will be dancing and other pastimes. The lines of transportation will offer the usual facilities for patrons of the demonstration.

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MAHONY, M'CALLUM & FLANAGAN,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
SUITE 611, ASHLAND BLOCK,
Telephone Main 4056. CHICAGO.

JOSEPH L. KOTAL, ATTORNEY, ROOM 419 U. S. EXPRESS BUILDING.

ESTATE OF MICHAEL DOLLARD, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Michael Dollard, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of July, A. D. 1896, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, June 2, 1896.
LUCAS WEST, Administrator.
Joseph L. Kotal, Attorney.

CALIFORNIA IN 3 DAYS
Without change of cars. All meals served in dining cars. Palace drawing-room sleeping cars and tourists sleepers are run through to San Francisco and Los Angeles without change, leaving Chicago daily
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CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN R'Y.

THE BOSTON FAMINE, A. D. 17—

It is not known unto this day
Why Boston fasted; but a ray
Of knowledge comes to us betimes
In an old chronicle of rhymes.
There it is stated that "a field
Crop failed." The annual yield,
The luck of which filled Boston air
With the sad music of despair,
The legend fails to specify,
And so to guess it we must try.

Of corn and wheat there was a store,
And cod and halibut were off shore;
Of deer and bear meat could be found
A plenty on the common ground
Potatoes, peas and cabbage grew
Abundantly, and parsnips too.

Alas, that on that hungry town
Gaunt famine should come stalking down;
The people sad old in health declined.
It seemed that cruel fate designed
To leave this wholesome people die.
The mind today to tell just why
The merchants sent to far and near
For succor, and it would appear
That succor came, but wild storms tossed
The ship ashore, and it was lost.
A second vessel failed to reach
The harbor; sunk off Salisbury beach.

The famine spread at a frightful pace;
It looked as if the robust race
Of Boston town would fade away,
And that her streets would grow green hay.
Things got into such fearful passes
The women took to wearing glasses;
As if by merely shielding sight
They might control the appetite.
Much that in Boston now we see
Is doubtless pure heredity.

The children in the district school
Escaped unwhipped, for the ferule,
Within the master's weakened hand,
Was harmless as a fairy wand.
The deacons of the church could not
Collect the pence, and tithes forgot.
(Don't contradict! I know what I
Am writing; history won't lie.)

'Twas hard to tell how it would end
Did not the winds and tides befriend.
A loaded sloop, with beans and pork,
Got safely in from far New York.
The bells were rung all up and down,
And famine ended in that town.
—Edward S. Creamer in New York Sun.

THE AIR SQUADRON.

"Have another cigar, lieutenant," I said, pushing the box across the table toward him.

"No, thank you," he replied. "But, with your permission, I'll fill my pipe from your bowl. Indeed, when I came up to your room, it was only for a little tobacco—ran out myself—cigars all gone. And here it is already 12 o'clock. My, my, how time flies when one gets reminiscencing. But to continue"—

Now, when my good friend Lieutenant Swash takes possession of me and my room at 11 p. m., I do not always consider it my duty to listen to him. He has been such a frequent visitor of mine since he has been staying at our boarding house, and then he is one of those individuals who so lose themselves in their own narrations that they even forget they have an audience. So, when the lieutenant said, "Now, to continue," I sank deeper into my big chair and gazed absently into the fire.

He was talking warfare of the future. What cared I for that, who possessed neither stocks that would go down nor food products that would go up? My eyelids closed wearily. How I wished he would go! Then he made a statement so absurd that I laughed.

"It took place on July 16, 1946," I heard him say.

"Eighteen forty-six," I corrected.

"Now, see here," said the naval man testily. "How old do you think I am—80? Pshaw! I was 30 then. It was 1946, and, please, don't contradict me. It was 50 years hence it all happened."

"If you will have it so, all well," I said.

"Now the date is settled and you thoroughly understand the cause of the war. Great Britain claimed the atmospheric covering of the earth to a height of 10,000 feet, basing the claim on the fact that as far back as 1899 an English balloonist had disappeared from view at that height. He was never seen again. Such a claim as this, had it been recognized by other nations, would have given her too great a control over mankind's supply of breath. We claimed up to an altitude of 1,000 over the United States, but she would not recognize this and refused to arbitrate. The result was war—terrible war."

I took my pipe from between my teeth and fixed a cold eye on the speaker.

"Lieutenant Swash," I said in a low but distinct tone, "you have explained one cause of the war five times. I have always swallowed your dates and may be able to gulp down your facts, but I ask that you desist from repetition."

"Well, well, if you'll have it so, I'll go ahead. Having the cause straight in your mind, you will remember that it was July 16, 1946, that the fight occurred. There were three battleships in our fleet—Admiral Wad's flagship, the Swallow, carrying 15 tons of dynamite and 2 machine guns; the Lightning, Captain Blower, 10 tons of dynamite and two 6 inch rifles; the Hawk, Captain Wood, 11 tons of dynamite and a pneumatic gun, used in throwing explosives at the enemy in case she got above us. We were accompanied by two small torpedo boats and the swift unarmored cruiser Kalamazoo, which we expected to be of little service, since a bullet could have punctured her and sent her to earth forever. We lay about 500 miles east of New York for four days awaiting the approach of the enemy's flying squadron. It was 10 o'clock on the morning of July 16 when we sighted them, about 200 miles away, running toward us at a rapid rate. They must have seen us at about the same time, for they sheered off a little toward the north and began to rise.

"Admiral Wad, at whose side I was standing on the quarter deck of the Swallow, at once understood their maneuver. In modern warfare it's the fellow who gets above the other and drops dynamite on him that wins invariably. We were then at an altitude of about 8,000 feet and did not lose any time getting higher. I can see the grand old admiral now as he stood at the switchboard coolly puffing his cigar as if he was at his club down in New York. There was not a tremor observed on his long thin finger as he pushed the button marked 'up.' Then we began to ascend.

"The other two battleships followed, and as we arose we cleared for action. The Kalamazoo and the torpedo boats were left behind, as it was not deemed advisable to expose their frail structures to the enemy's fire.

"I confess, as I stood beside my brave leader and felt our ship mounting higher and higher and shooting on toward the enemy at a speed of 90 miles an hour; watched the crew of ten men coolly placing dynamite bombs in the most convenient places; saw the three great steel balloons of our enemy's squadron glistening in the sunlight as they shot toward us, I felt that strange inward sensation that heretofore I believed could only be caused by a Welsh rabbit at 2 a. m."

"You must drink a good deal of ale with your Welsh rabbits, lieutenant," I ventured mildly.

"I'm a total abstainer, sir," he replied quietly. "And I never did have more cause to be thankful for it than on that day. I was in full possession of my mental faculties. Otherwise I would never have been able to have lived through those awful two hours. And the crew, too—I never saw a braver set of fellows in my life. Not a moist eye or a trembling lip among them.

"The enemy had two first class battleships and two second class. They advanced in a line parallel to ours. Admiral Wad signaled Commodore Blower to engage the two second class ships on the left, the Wind to take the right, leaving us the flagship in the center. This vessel, I saw through my glasses, was a little larger than, but of almost the same construction as, the Swallow. There was a great cylindrical balloon of steel, fully 800 feet in length, with the car swung beneath it; an armored turret, fore and aft, protecting her guns, at her stern a great propeller fan and two huge rudders for steering. I saw her crew running to and fro getting in readiness for the conflict; her commander, with a little knot of officers about him, standing forward, eagerly scanning our fleet. Higher and higher we arose, the air rapidly getting more and more rare and our breathing becoming more and more rapid. I looked down at the sea, which was glimmering 15,000 feet below us in the sunlight. I turned my eyes at the great cylinder overhead, shot holes in two of its airtight compartments—and what a fall! But there were other things to think of.

"'Admiral,' I gasped, 'if we go much higher, we shall die for want of air.'

"'Mr. Swash,' replied the grand old salt, 'duty before breath always—remember that, sir. I'm afraid the ship will not carry much higher. We'll get over them, don't you think, Captain Howitzer?'

"Howitzer gazed anxiously at the enemy, who were now within 15 miles, and replied:

"'Close call, sir.'

"Then to the men:

"'Stand ready to drop a ton of dynamite on them if we get over them!'

"As he spoke there was a puff on the enemy's flagship, and a solid shot came singing half a mile below us. Old Wad laughed and ordered the bow gun to return the fire when we were within five miles. Our shells passed over them. We had then reached as high an altitude as it was possible for the ships to float, and then we reduced speed. They approached to within two miles and stopped and began to circle about us, evidently intending to subject our balloons to a cross fire. Higher than we they could not go, and the discovery of this fact brought jeers and cheers from our crew.

"For some 15 minutes there was terrible suspense. Each vessel circled warily around its chosen opponent, banging away with its machine guns in vain endeavor to puncture the enemy's balloon. But the distance was too great and the movements of the vessels too quick for any successful gun work. Suddenly Howitzer seized my arm and pointed toward the Lightning. Her crew had just thrown overboard her whole cabin, her two guns and a great quantity of dynamite bombs.

"For a moment we were speechless with astonishment. Were they going to take to flight? Admiral Wad seized a flag to signal Commander Blower, but he just got as far as ——, when he stopped. Slowly the great vessel was mounting in the air. A cry of dismay was heard from the hostile ship with which she was engaged. In five minutes she was 400 feet above them. The British crew madly threw overboard all the weight they carried—guns, bombs and everything—but they were too late—the Lightning was above them; then a black object shot down on them; a deafening roar followed, with a rush of wind that hurled the Swallow a mile out of her course. And when we looked toward the Lightning she was alone, but slowly sinking toward the sea, for the concussion had torn off the end of her balloon cylinder. We could see her crew at the rail cheering wildly.

"Admiral Wad at once ordered that we pursue the same tactics. Everything went by the board—guns and all ammunition but five bombs. We loosened some rivets in the floor and let the cabin fall; then we, too, began to rise. But the British admiral was not to be outwitted, for he had been busy at exactly the same work, and when we found ourselves 1,000 feet higher, he lay a mile away at the same altitude.

"Admiral Wad swore. Our guns were gone and we could have lain there for eternity and not harm each other, unless we closed. For a long time he paced the deck in silence. At length he called the men together, and in a neat, touching speech asked for one volunteer for a forlorn hope.

"'All that can be done,' he said, 'is to ram the enemy. One man and myself can handle the ship, and it would be useless for you to stop on board simply to lose your lives.'

"Every man volunteered; every man offered to stay in their commander's place. He chose me for his companion, since I alone of all the crew was unmarried, and he positively refused to accept a substitute. He would go down with the old ship, he said.

"The scene that followed was most touching. The men wrung the brave old man's hand in a last parting. One by one they took their parachutes, swung over the side and went sailing away into the blue.

"The last man was gone and old Wad turned toward me and embraced me. Between his emotion and the extreme rarification of the air he could not speak. This show of feeling lasted but a minutes, for we were brought to our senses by a great cheer from the enemy's crew. They believed the ship deserted and were bearing down toward us. Instantly the admiral straightened up and firmly pushed the button, turning the full force of the electrical current into the propelling motors. The great ship swung around and with terrific speed sailed at the enemy. The enemy tried to swing their ship out of the course, but in vain. In a minute we struck them. A crash like 1,000 peals of thunder, a flash like the explosion of a dynamite factory and all was still. And when I looked again there was nothing but blue, the endless blue of infinite space. The Hawk and her two opponents had been wrecked, I suppose, by the awful concussion."

Lieutenant Swash had finished his narration and for a long time puffed silently at his pipe. I, for my part, was rapt in silent wonder at the man. I knew Swash well, but such assurance as this I had not believed him capable of. After all, he was one of those persons who lie so habitually that, coming from them, a story of their own death was not surprising. Suddenly I was thrown violently from my chair to the floor, and when I recovered my senses I was bound fast in a blanket, and, looking up, saw the naval man bending excitedly over me.

"Here you've been sleeping all this time," he began, "and instead of hearing about my last cruise got your feet into the fire. A pretty kettle of fish! Charred your slippers and trousers in fine style."

"Lieutenant Swash," said I, rising to my feet, "I wish my dream had been true."

"Why?"

"Because you'd have been blown to pieces when the Swallow struck."—New York Sun.

Soul Superstitions.

The Greeks had a pretty fancy about the soul and the butterfly, and so have the Basques, and that the two were interchangeable. Among the cannibals living east of the Gaboon river Mr. R. L. Garner has collected a neat lot of folklore about the butterfly. As Englished from their pigeon talk it runs as follows: In the old time there was a good and a bad divinity, Ga-se and Hulu. Ga-se was master of all the beautiful things, as the flowers and birds. Hulu held the serpents and creeping things under his sway. There was a caterpillar, a servant of Hulu's, whose duty it was to devour the flowers. Once he crawled up a tree, and, seeing a flower, began to eat it. "Stop," said Ga-se, "why destroy that flower? If you will let it grow it will be a fine fruit." But the caterpillar answered, "I must do my master Hulu's bidding." Then Ga-se said: "Nibble only the leaves; they ought to suffice you, and if you will be satisfied with the leaves, when your little ones are born you may put them in the fruit, which is certain to grow, if you do not harm the flower."

And the caterpillar agreed to that, and only munched the leaves, and the flower grew and grew, and in time was a fine, large fruit. In those days caterpillars always crept, and never changed their shape. But Hulu was good; so when the eggs, which were laid in the fruit, became caterpillars, they took on wings and flew and flew, but they were not handsome as they are today. Hulu was the sun, so he shot rays of light on the butterfly's wings, and they were decked with his brilliant colors and some with spots. Ingenuous folklorists will see once more in this the sun myth. Following the general anthropological rule, Mr. Garner says that these cannibals were very much superior in physique when compared with their native surroundings.—New York Times.

Virginia.

Virginia has been called the "Mother of Presidents," from the fact that it has furnished seven men who aided to guide the destinies of the nation. It has also been denominated the "Old Dominion," from a singular and little known historic incident. Being settled under the auspices of cavaliers, the colony remained loyal to the Stuarts, even during the Puritan revolution, and Cromwell is said to have more than once been on the point of preparing an expedition to sail to Virginia and reduce to submission the rebellious colonists. Not long before the accession of Charles II to the throne of his fathers the Virginians sent a deputation to the exiled prince, inviting him to come to the new world and become king of Virginia, and, according to this story, he is reported to have been on the point of sailing when he received an invitation to the throne of England. As the story goes, in gratitude for the loyalty of the Virginians he quartered the arms of that province with those of England, Scotland and Ireland, and thus the province received its complimentary designation. A less popular designation is the "Mother of States," an allusion to the fact that its settlement was in 1607, before that of any other colony.

Just Like a Charm.

Customer (howlingly)—This toothache stuff you gimme is the rankest kind of a fraud. And you warranted it to work like a charm.

Druggist (blandly)—Well, did you ever know a charm to work?—Indianapolis Journal.

A Definition.

"What is a statesman, pa?"

"A statesman is a politician whose name has passed into history."—Truth.

DAREDEVIL CREEDE.

HOW HE, SINGLE HANDED, KILLED SIX OF A PARTY OF SEVEN SIOUX.

When He Discovered the Indians He Carefully Calculated Just How He Would Dispose of Them, and His Programme Was Carried Out to the Letter.

From boyhood days Lieutenant Creede had been noted as a hunter, and during the years which he spent in the scouting service his splendid marksmanship and extraordinary achievements in the pursuit of game earned for him the reputation of being the best hunter west of the Missouri river.

One day at sunset Lieutenant Creede rode out from Ogalalla, where the scouts were stationed, guarding the builders of the Union Pacific railway. Creede was, and is yet, for that matter, a famous rifle shot, quick, cool and sure, and upon this occasion his skill came in good play, as it did in later years when he fought two grizzlies single handed in the presence of two witnesses.

It was customary for some one to take a look about at the close of day to see if any stray Sioux were prowling around. About six miles from camp Creede came to a clump of trees covering a half dozen acres of ground. Through this grove the scout rode, thinking perhaps an elk or deer might be seen; but nothing worth shooting was sighted, till suddenly he found himself at the farther edge of the wood and on the banks of the Platte. Looking across the stream, he saw a small band of hostile Sioux riding in the direction of the river, and not more than a mile away. His field-glasses showed him that there were seven of the Sioux, and without the aid of that instrument he could see that they had a majority of six over his party. They were riding slowly in the direction of the camp. Creede concluded that they intended to cross over, kill the guards and capture the government horses. His first thought was to ride back to camp, keeping the clump of trees between him and the Indians, and arrange a reception for the Sioux.

The river was half a mile wide and three feet deep. Horses can't travel very rapidly in three feet of water.

In a short time they had reached the water's edge, and the scout could hardly resist the temptation to await their approach, dash out, take a shot at them and then return to camp. That was dangerous, he thought, for if he got one there would still be half a dozen bullets to dodge. A better plan would be to leave his horse in the grove, crawl out to the bank, lie concealed in the grass until the enemy was within 60 yards of him, then stand up and work his winchester. The first shot would surprise them. They would look at their falling friend; the second would show them where he was, and the third shot would leave but four Indians. By the time they swung their rifles up another would have passed to the happy land, and one man on shore, with his rifle working, was as good as three frightened Indians in the river.

Thus reasoned the scout and he crept to the shore of the stream. He had no time to lose, as the Indian ponies had finished drinking and were already on the move.

As the sound of the sinking feet of the horses grew louder the hunter was obliged to own a feeling of regret. If he could have got back to his own horse without their seeing him, he thought it would be as well to return to camp and receive the visitors there. Just once he lifted his head above the grass, and then he saw how useless it would be to attempt to flee, for the Indians were but a little more than 100 yards away. Realizing that he was in for it, he made up his mind to remain in the grass until the Sioux were so near that it would be impossible to miss them. Nearer and nearer sounded the plunkety plunk of the unshod feet of the little horses in the shallow stream till at last they seemed to be in short rifle range, and the trained hunter sprang to his feet. He had reckoned well, for the Indians were not over 60 yards away, riding tandem.

Creede's rifle echoed in the little grove; the lead leaped out, and the head Indian pitched forward into the river. The riderless horse stopped short. The rifle cracked again, and the second red man rolled slowly from the saddle, so slowly that he barely got out of the way in time to permit the next brave, who was almost directly behind him, to get killed when it was his turn. The remaining four Indians, instead of returning the fire, sat still and stonelike. So terrified were they that they never raised a hand. Two more seconds; two more shots from the rifle of the scout, and two more Indians went down, head first, into the stream. Panic stricken, the other two dropped into the river and began to swim down the stream with all their might. They kept an eye on the scout, and at the flash of his gun they ducked their heads, and the ball bounded away over the still water. Soon they were beyond the reach of the rifle. Returning to their own side of the river, they crept away in the twilight, and the ever sad and thoughtful scout stood by the silent stream, watching the little red pools of blood on the broad bosom of the slowly running river.

Three of the abandoned bronchos turned back. Four crossed over and were taken to camp.

The two sad and lonely Sioux had gone but a short distance from the river when one of them fell fainting and soon bled to death. He had been wounded by a bullet which had passed through one of his companions who was killed in the stream. The remaining Indian was afterward captured in battle, and he told this story to his captors, just as it was told to the writer by the man who risked his life so fearlessly in the service of Uncle Sam.—Cy Warman in New York Sun.

To have a respect for ourselves guides our morals, and to have a deference for others governs our manners.—Sterne.

MAKING CHINAWARE.

Interesting Description of How the Work Is Done In Worcester, England.

Close beside Worcester cathedral are the ugly workshops and tall chimneys of the Royal porcelain works. When we watch the thrower molding on his magic wheel the plastic clay we are filled with wonder at his skill and ask ourselves whence came the clay which takes so readily any form the potter wills. The flint bowlders found upon the plains of Brittany in France, feldspar from Cornwall and Sweden, bones from America, besides other things, all pay tribute. These unlikely constituents are calcined and then ground exceedingly fine in mills. The grinding takes from 12 hours to 6 days. It is a sight worth seeing, those powerful mills racing round the deep trough (made out of stone from Derbyshire) weighted with heavy blocks, churning each material, for each is ground separately, into a thick white cream. When finished, the liquids are strained through fine hair sieves, and all particles of iron withdrawn by means of magnets. The different ingredients are then mixed together in proper proportions and kneaded into the required consistency, and then the clay is ready for the thrower.

The art of molding clay has become much more exact since the employment of plaster of paris molds. After the thrower, with the help of his wheel, has roughly shaped the clay into what is termed the "lining," it is taken off the wheel and put into a plaster of paris cast, which, in turn, is placed upon the whirling wheel, and the "lining" is then deftly molded to the exact shape. As plaster of paris absorbs moisture quickly the lining is soon firm enough to be handled. It is then "turned" like ordinary wood or metal, and has handles, which have been molded in plaster of paris, fixed by the same clay.

It was always a puzzle to our minds how the handles were induced not only to stick on to the jugs and cups, but to bear the weights of the same cups and jugs when full of liquid. The porcelain is then ready to be baked. For this it is packed in fireproof baking dishes called "seggars" and supported on every side by powdered calcined flint. These seggars are made to fit exactly one upon the other, although they are of different sizes and depths, and they are arranged in columns side by side in the oven. This oven is then bricked up and eight fires are lighted and kept burning for 48 hours, night and day. The oven takes four days to cool, and then the contents are unpacked and are ready for a variety of processes.

Most of the china is glazed, an operation requiring care and skill. The articles are bathed in the liquid glaze—a muddy looking broth—and the greater part of the superfluous glaze shaken off. But it is impossible to free them perfectly; besides, the fingers leave marks which have to be removed after the glaze has been dried in a hot room. Women and girls are employed for this work. The ivory glaze is a delicate salmon pink before it is baked, the white a dark drab. After it is glazed, the pottery, for the second time, is packed in seggars and baked. After this the colored china is painted and baked again. The gold is also baked in. Few people know that the gilt on china is the purest gold that can be bought. It is ground with mercury and turpentine into a black looking paint and applied with a fine camel's hair pencil. Boys are trained for this work from 14 years of age, it being nearly impossible for older people to acquire the accuracy of eye and hand necessary. It is a great drawback to the production of artistic pottery that the coloring is totally different in the paint to the result after burning. For instance, gold paint is black before and dull gold afterward; the brightness is produced by polishing it with an agate. Other colors are obtained from metallic oxides; iron gives red, cobalt, blue, etc.—Boston Transcript.

In Griqualand.

The scene is laid in Griqualand East, a dependency of the cape of Good Hope; the place, a country schoolhouse, situate in a wide, open plain, with "bush" and "dongas," or gullies, in the distance. The master receives a government grant. The parents also pay him a small fee monthly. Number of pupils, 18, farms being 3,000 and 6,000 acres each and only very partially fenced. The boys and girls all come to school on ponies. These graze about until the joyful signal is given and the school is out. Saddles for both sexes consist generally of sheepskins, and bridle reins are probably made of "reins"—that is, untanned strips of hide.

Time, 2 p. m. There are always natives about who assist in catching and "saddling up" the ponies. Ten or twelve of the youngsters have to travel in the same direction. Hurrah now for a hurdle race. There are two water jumps on the homeward bound "course." It is a grand helter skelter. The ponies enter into the fun. Any youngster who quits his or her sheepskin must catch the pony and scramble up as best he or she can. The winner is generally a girl who has taught her brothers to ride. These children would feel the restraints of English life terribly. The mothers in the old country lift their hands in horror and exclaim, "Surely these children will break their necks!" And what does this heathenish writer mean by "water jumps?" Bless your anxious hearts, the children are not hurt; they tumble on the turf quite comfortably, and those ponies that don't jump the brook go through it. As to the wetting, that matters but little with a Griqualand temperature, and perhaps a thunderstorm gives them wetting No. 2. But these clever ponies can generally make the shelter before the storm overtakes them.—Chambers' Journal.

An Indication.

"Are they contemplating wedlock?"

"I think so. He gave her a gold bracelet with a padlock, and he carries the key."—Detroit Free Press.

A Model Mother-in-law.

In his recently published autobiographical reminiscences Frederick Locker Sampson relates this amusing experience:

Elizabeth, countess of Elgin, was my mother-in-law. She was gifted, had many virtues and a few oddities. She had a passion for cold air. In 1850, not very long after my marriage, she honored me with a visit at 19 Chester street. You know that through all my life I have been more or less of a valetudinarian, a shivery animal. I have also been a person of gentle manners. Well, one unlucky winter afternoon, on returning from the admiralty, I found my home desolate—cold, empty and comfortless. The drawing room was nearly pitch dark and very cheerless, for the fire had been allowed to go out, and though the curtains were drawn a window was wide open. All this depressed me and constrained me to heave a wholly languid and only half audible malediction. I had an unlighted flat candlestick in my hand, and my first act was to drop out the candle. This produced another, a more audible, imprecation. I rapped out a good round oath—an oath as round as possible.

However, having picked up and replaced the candle, I continued to grope my way to the writing table for a match, but in doing so I stumbled badly over an abominable foot stool and dropped candlestick, candle and extinguisher with a clatter on the carpet. This completely demoralized me. I broke into a storm of execration, long, deep and prolonged, but not launched at anything in particular. I again essayed to find the table, but stretching forth my hand in the darkness I laid it, not on the lucifers, but—can you conceive it?—on the upturned face of my respected mother-in-law, who all this time had been lying prostrate on the sofa. I do not know if she had been asleep—that I shall never know—but I should think not, for she said in the most wide awake, mellifluous tones of her very pleasing voice, "Is that you, dear Mr. Locker?" This was all she said. She never said anything more. Heaven bless her!

The Original Smoker.

The learned Camden speaks of Lane as the original English smoker. It is remarkable that so much doubt should have existed among writers even in Eliza-Jacobean times, both as to the date when tobacco was first received in this country and the person by whom it was first introduced. The painstaking annalist Stow says that tobacco came into England about the twentieth year of Queen Elizabeth (1557). But Aubrey, speaking of Sir Walter Raleigh, says that "he was the first that brought tobacco into England and into fashion (1586). In our part of North Wilts—e. g., Malmesbury Hundred—it came first into fashion by Sir Walter Long. They had first silver pipes. The ordinary sort made use of a walnut shell and a straw. I have heard my grandfather Lyle say that one pipe was handed from man to man round the table. Sir Walter Raleigh, standing in a stand at Sir Ro. Poyntz's parke at Acton, took a pipe of tobacco, which made the ladies quitte it till he had donne."

The author of a gossipy "Tour In Wales" (Pennant), in 1810, speaking about the great houses and their associations, says that Captain Price of Plasyollin, with Captains Myddelton and Koet, on their return from the Azores in 1591 "were the first who had smoked or (as they called it) drunk tobacco publickly in London, and that the Londoners flocked from all parts to see them. Pipes were not then invented, so they used the twisted leaves, or cigars. The invention is usually ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh. It may be so, but he was too good a courtier to smoke in public, especially in the reign of James." Again, in the 1659 translation of Dr. Everard's "Panacea" (Antwerp, 1587) it is remarked that "Captain Richard Greenfield and Sir Francis Drake were the first planters of it here (England) and not Sir Walter Raleigh, which is the common error, so difficult is it to fix popular discoveries." These few selections show us how easily origins are lost sight of.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Attempts to Cheat the Treasury.

Frauds on the redemption division of the treasury are constantly being tried. What are called "drawer scraps" are presented almost every day with demands for new money in exchange. These are the torn off fragments of notes which are found in tills and cash drawers. A young man employed in a New York bank once sent in a boxful of them, claiming $200. They were the result of many sweepings carefully accumulated. Unfortunately, they represented $1,000 or more, if anything, and the youth was lucky to escape prison. An Ohio woman not long ago mailed to the treasury a number of rolled up pellets of paper, which she said represented a $5 note torn up by a child. The pellets were straightened out and found to be 13 center strips cut length wise from as many $5 bills. It is hardly necessary to say that the woman got nothing in return. People seem to think that Uncle Sam is precious green; at the same time the redemption division does get cheated now and then, undoubtedly.

Late in the year 1892 it was discovered in the redemption division that the full number of $500 notes of the series of 1874 had been redeemed. Nevertheless, notes of this series were still coming in for redemption. At first it was thought that there had been an overissue by some strange mistake. Accordingly all of these notes from that time on were withheld from the customary destruction, and their numbers were registered for the purpose of seeing if duplicates would appear. But no duplicates did appear, and it is now believed that the trouble arose from an error on the part of the officials appointed to act as a destruction committee. They must have made a mistake in their record of notes destroyed, putting down the figures 1874 instead of those of some other year.—Philadelphia Times.

LADY BURTON'S MARRIAGE.

How the Great Traveler's Wife First Met Her Daredevil Idol.

Lady Burton's marriage was more romantic than anything in fiction. It was "foretold," of course. To a woman of her mystical temperament and view of life that was almost a part of the ceremony. A gypsy woman wrote out her destiny in Romany. "You will bear the name of our tribe and be right proud of it. You will be as we are, but far greater than we. Your life is all wandering, change and adventure. One soul in two bodies in life or death, never long apart." The proof seemed to be in the impossibility. The name then borne by the woman who was to be "right proud" of her union with one of gypsy race was Arundel, and the Arundels are of the oldest and proudest stock in England. But destiny kept the appointment. One day, when she and her family were at Boulogne, "the vision of her brain awakening" came toward them. "He was 5 feet 11 inches in height, very broad, thin and muscular. He had very dark hair; black, clearly defined, sagacious eyebrows; a brown, weather beaten complexion; straight Arab features; a determined looking mouth and chin nearly covered by an enormous mustache. I have since heard a very clever friend say 'that he had the brow of God, the jaw of a devil.' But the most remarkable part of his appearance was two large black, flashing eyes, with long lashes, that pierced you through and through. He looked at me as though he read me through and through in a moment and started a little. I was completely magnetized, and when we had got a little distance away I turned to my sister and whispered to her, 'That man will marry me.'"

All that followed was worthy of this opening. He made the first advances by chalking upon the wall, "May I speak to you?" considerately leaving the chalk hard by for the answer. It was unpropitious at first. "No, mother will be angry," but this was only another way of saying, "I shall be pleased," for "mother" herself had afterward to listen to this confession, "The moment I saw his brigand, daredevil look I set him up as an idol and determined he was the only man I would ever marry." Her cousins gave a dance to help matters, and "there was Richard, like a star among rushlights." "That was a night of nights. He waltzed with me once and spoke to me several times, and I kept my sash where he put his arm round my waist to waltz, and my gloves. I never wore them again." He went away to Africa for six years, no doubt to help make a name that might overcome the resistance of her family. When he came back, he proposed. He was not kept waiting for an answer. "I would rather have a crust and a tent with you," she said, "than be queen of all the world." "Your people will not give you to me," he said. "I know that," she answered, "but I belong to myself—I give myself away."

She was a devout Catholic, by right of birth as an Arundel, and she won over Cardinal Wiseman for her intermediary. He sent for Burton and exacted three promises from him in writing—marriage in the Catholic church, the wife's free practice of her religion and the right to bring up her children in it. They were readily made, the more so, perhaps, as Burton had no definite faith of his own. But even now she had to wait. The passion for travel seized him once more and in the strangest way. He went off without a word of warning, sending only his apparition to take leave of her as she lay in bed. "Goodby, my poor child," said the astral double. "My time is up, and I have gone. But do not grieve. I shall be back in less than three years, and I am your destiny." While he was away she wrote a diary of the doings of the whole world of civilization in so far as she thought they might interest him and sent it off to him in installments by every fortnight's post. He came back to claim her in due time, much as Alonzo came back from the dead. "He had had 21 attacks of fever, had been partially paralyzed and partially blind. He was a mere skeleton, with brown yellow skin hanging in bags, his eyes protruding and his lips drawn away from his teeth. Never did I feel the strength of my love as then." The marriage came at last.—London News.

Bird Life In the Antarctic.

Granting that highly organized creatures can exist there, it is passing strange that they should consent to do so or make a voluntary habitation in that hell of cold and darkness which Norse fancy imagined as a place of torment more appalling than the lake of liquid fire. One would have thought arctic life must cease, because, even if possible, it was not worth living; that there would be a voluntary exodus of beasts, as of birds, before the winter setting of the sun, and the slower moving mammals would go, to return no more.

As a curious puzzle, exactly reversing the idea in the foregoing sentence, allow me to give the following information: Between the antarctic circle and New Zealand lie several small groups of islands—the Snares, the Traps, Antipodes, the Macquaries, the Aucklands, Campbell island, Emerald island, etc. Some of these are mere barren peaks of rock, some are partly covered with low scrub and grass, but almost all of them are nurseries of the sea birds, which may be counted by thousands and tens of thousands on those lonely places. The penguins especially, in many species, and some of great size, use these islands as their breeding places. When during the summer the eggs have been hatched and the young ones attended to, the younger generation is left on the nurseries and the adults set out for the land around the south pole. They leave in autumn thin and attenuated with the care of their families. They go off for the winter to the clime of cold and ice, and they return six months afterward, fat as butter, to their old haunts. Their squadrons cover the sea for miles, swimming abreast in long columns.—New Zealand Correspondent.

"PERIOD" ROOMS.

Being a Dissertation on the Prevalent Form of Torture by Furniture.

One of the compensations of the impecunious is to watch the keen discomfort the rich experience in their efforts to spend their fortunes. Great is the joy, therefore, of the poor woman as she watches her sister, wife of one Crœsus, convert her house into a museum of "rooms of periods."

It would be saddening if it were not infinitely comic to hear of the trials of one multimillionaire who is always keenly uncomfortable in his Greek drawing room because he can never find a book there. The Greeks, you see, did not have monthly magazines lying on their parlor tables. Accordingly the good gentleman's wife, architect and furnisher have impressed upon him the necessity of not spoiling the perfect Athenian atmosphere of the apartment by the introduction of un-Athenian features such as literature. In its zeal for complete harmony the powerful triumvirate has not yet issued an order forbidding the master of the house to enter his drawing room except when clad in the Greek chlamys, but that is because even architects, furnishers and wives do not dare to be wholly consistent. Meantime the multimillionaire escapes from his Gothic library and thinks how inappropriate it is to read Dickens under a mediæval arched ceiling and by the light from a cathedral glass window.

Only multimillionaires, fortunately, have the wealth necessary to make themselves completely uncomfortable by Greek and Gothic rooms. But the ordinary, plain millionaire has enough money to be made fairly miserable by Louis-Quinze or Louis Seize drawing rooms, old Dutch reproductions in the line of dining rooms and bare colonial hallways. Comparatively small riches will go a long way toward making a family miserable once the "room" fever has entered into the veins of the family's presiding genius. Good American women of mixed ancestry and heavy weight have felt exceeding discomfort in apartments furnished in spindle legged, gilt chairs belonging to the period of a French king of unhallowed memory. What does it profit a woman to furnish her room with the most perfect consistency if she herself must always be an inharmonious note in it? Why should the lover of good roast beef and large, inviting armchairs have to wander hopelessly about a room set with the straight, harp backed chairs of colonial days, when repose was frowned upon and roast beef was none too plenty?

After all one must live more or less at home, even if one has money in abundance. And why should home be a succession of rooms furnished after models set by other lands and other times? Who really enjoys living in a house that is merely a large object lesson in Roman, Moorish, Japanese and Egyptian architecture and furniture? A householder ought to be more than a curator of a museum.—New York Journal.

ATOMS OF ELECTRICITY.

Calculation That Seems Incomprehensible to the Average Intelligence.

Have you any idea what "an atom of electricity" would look, feel, taste or smell like? In short, have you a mind that is capable of imagining what such an infinitesimal division of the incomprehensible "fluid" would be? We think not. The writer has spent his life "delving in the realms of the wonderful," yet he is free to confess that he has no more of an idea what an atom of electricity would be than he has of what is to be understood by the words "soul" and "eternity." But there are those who have been spending hours, days and weeks exploring and investigating in the bottomless ocean of electrical mysteries, and who have arrived at some startling conclusions. That such a thing as "an atom of electricity" exists has been believed in by a number of eminent electricians and philosophers, among them the honored Helmholtz and our own Thomas A. Edison.

Working on the theories advanced by the former, Professor Richarz, a well known European investigator, has made some experiments in that line that have startled even the electricians—men who come in daily contact with things of the most wonderful nature. According to a recent determination of Professor Richarz, the smallest possible quantity of electricity—that which may properly be termed "an atom"—is such that 420 multiplied by 1,000,000 three times—that is to say, by the cube of 1,000,000—will give the number of atoms in a coulomb of electricity.—St. Louis Republic.

The Sudan Ruler.

The present ruler of the Sudan was sometimes spoken of as the Mahdi. Mohammed Ahmed, the Mahdi, died in June, 1885, a victim of his dissolute mode of life. He nominated as the Khalifat el Mahdi (or Mahdi's successor) the Caliph Abdullah, the horrors of whose rule have been so vividly portrayed by Slatin Pasha. The caliph is a Baggara of dark chocolate colored complexion, with a long and prominent nose. He wears a short beard, cut according to the Moslem custom. Owing to his sensuous mode of life he is now extremely stout. He is unable to read. His palace at Obdurman is crowded with slaves, eunuchs and young boys, who wait upon him, and his wives number some hundreds.—New York Times.

The Malay Apple.

The ohia, or Malay apple, is a common timber tree of the Hawaiian Islands, though not peculiar to that locality. On the island of Maui is a mammoth orchard of wild ohias, extending from the sea to the mountains and measuring 20 miles in length by from 5 to 10 miles in width. The trees are from 40 to 50 feet in height, some of the largest yielding nearly 50 pounds of fruit, the total crop being said to be sufficient to fill a fleet of 100 steamers. The beautiful crimson or white apples, however, are unfit for transportation, as they last but a short time in a good condition.—Popular Science Monthly.

SCIENTIFIC HITTING PAYS.

Spalding Tells How He Was Able to Place the Ball Anywhere.

"Before I joined the Boston Red Stockings," said A. G. Spalding recently, "I used to go up to the bat with the sole object in view of hitting the ball from the shoulder as hard as I could, without any idea as to what part of the field it would go or on the ground or in the air. All I thought of was to 'knock it out of the lot,' as the boys say. But I soon found that there was something more in batting than that. I think I got my first idea of what batting should be from defending my wicket in cricket when we went to England on that baseball tour in 1874. At any rate, I got into the habit of trying to place the ball, instead of hitting at random, and from that time I realized that to try to tap the ball to right field over the heads of the infielders and short of the catching reach of the outfielders was about the right caper.

"The new method of handling the bat, I remember, came to me all of a sudden. I had been for some months batting very poorly while hitting from the shoulder, a base hit being the result in about eight of ten times at the bat, and even less. One day I thought I would try something different, and, getting some one to pitch swift balls to me, I went in for tapping them to right field so that they would fall safe, and after a few trials up went my batting average of base hits at a jump, and especially did my hitting prove useful when runners were on the bases. The boys began to want me to follow them at the bat, because I hit so as to bat them round toward home. Then it was that I first practically realized that a swiftly pitched ball to the bat which was just tapped by the bat—that is, hit lightly, but not like a 'bunt'—would go to the field, sharp from the bat, with surprising speed; besides which, I could govern its direction better than it was possible in hitting it from the shoulder, as before.

"Talking of swift pitching," continued Mr. Spalding, "I used to think that we old time pitchers could send in a pretty speedy ball under the rule of the underhand throw, but none of us ever equaled the speed of the cyclone pitching of the present time which comes from the regular overhand throw. Then, too, with all our practice, we could not command the ball in delivery, as is possible in overhand throwing."—New York Times.

THE GARBAGE CLEANER.

How the "Slopper" Goes His Rounds Picking Up Unconsidered Trifles.

"That man is a slopper," remarked a police officer to a Star writer a few mornings since, "and he and his class give us any amount of trouble. If he stole, we could reach him by the law, but as he only finds, we cannot easily reach him." In further explanation, he said: "A slopper is a man who searches through the garbage cans in the alleys in the rear of hotels, boarding houses and private houses. Some only search for spoons, knives and forks that are thrown into the garbage receptacle by careless servants, for it is a fact that there are more silver spoons and knives and forks thrown away with the garbage than are stolen by servants, though the contrary is generally believed. The slopper is generally an hour or so ahead of the garbage collector, and he is often more regular and careful in his rounds than the garbage man.

"'By industry we thrive,' as the line in the copy books used to maintain, and by industry on a good west end route, especially one which takes in a number of boarding houses or hotels, a slopper can find enough table ware to pay the expenses of his tour. Often he makes a rich find. Very frequently he has permission to 'slop' the can from the owners of the houses themselves, for he tells them he is on the lookout for stray pieces of meat, etc., which he sells to those who have dogs to feed. Some sloppers are honest enough to return any silverware they may find for the dog meat privilege, but it is a terrible temptation to many, and one they cannot or do not at times withstand."—Washington Star.

Played Poker In a Poorhouse.

There has been a pronounced stand taken against gambling in some quarters at Portsmouth recently. The fire and police departments have been ordered to abandon card playing, and a full grown poker game has been broken up at the infirmary.

It appears that several of the inmates receive small pensions and others earn a trifle occasionally for tobacco money by outside work. They have lately been losing most of it to some of their fellow unfortunates who are skilled in the manipulation of the cards. They used crackers and grains of coffee as chips and played in the basement of the building. A poker game in a poorhouse might be considered sufficiently unusual to be worth permitting to proceed as a curiosity, but Superintendent Mershon thought not and placed the participants under discipline.—Columbus Dispatch.

Perfumed Flannel.

This is the latest fad with the women of the smart set. In appearance it resembles ordinary scarlet flannel of a fairly good quality. It is prepared by some secret process known only to the manufacturer, so that it emits a delicious perfume, a small piece serving to scent every article in a bureau drawer. It is sold by the yard, but is only to be had of the man who makes it and who is in Paris, but will forward it by mail. The perfume is said to be far more enduring than any of the sachets commonly in use.—New York World.

A Negative Quality.

Fervent Admirer—Don't you think, Edmonds, that Miss De Myrrh has beautiful features?

Rejected Lover—She has one feature that I don't like very well.

F. A.—What is that?

R. L.—Her nose.—Detroit Free Press.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

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State President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.

State Vice-President, E. J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.

State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1238 Gaty av., E. St. Louis, Ill.

State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County President, L. Henely, Twenty-seventh-st. and Lake Shore.

County V.-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh-st.

County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.

County Financial Secretary, Joseph J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 529 W. Erie-st.

Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.

Doorkeeper, William Barrett.

The County Board meets the Second Sunday of each month at 83 Madison street, Hall 2, at 3 p. m.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

DIVISION 1.

President, M. J. Maloney, Room 303, 120 Randolph-st.
Vice President, Michael Tuohy.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Ryan, 209 S. Peoria-st.
Financial Secretary, Wm. Territt.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller streets, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 2.

President, John J. Hanrahan, 246 E. Forty-third-st.
Vice President, Thomas McHugh.
Recording Secretary, Thomas J. Sherlock, 185 E. Superior-st.
Financial Secretary, James Regan.
Treasurer, William C. Moore.
Meets Second Thursday each month at Unity hall, 77 Thirty-first-st., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 3.

President, John J. Cullinane, 3045 Deering-st.
Vice President, James J. Perkins.
Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 W. North-av.
Financial Secretary, Pat'k J. Mahony.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
Meets First Sunday each month at 3 p. m. in Flynn's hall, North-av. and Robey-st.

DIVISION 4.

President, Michael Blake, 708 Thirty-first-st.
Vice President, William Loftus.
Recording Secretary, James H. Brennan, Palmer House.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins.
Treasurer, William McAvoy.
Meets First Sunday each month at 2:30 p. m. in Mathel's hall, Canalport and Union-ave.

DIVISION 5.

President, James J. Brennan, 939 S. Ashland-av.
Vice President, William Martin.
Recording Secretary, Alex Cusack, 65 Nixon-st.
Financial Secretary, Tim Cullinane.
Treasurer, Thomas Donovan.
Meets First Thursday of each month in Horan's hall, Halsted and Harrison-sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 6.

President, P. G. Maguire, 4465 Princeton-av.
Vice President, John Doody.
Recording Secretary, M. J. Goldin, 4417 Union-av.
Financial Secretary, James F. Ryan.
Treasurer, Martin Fanning.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Foley's hall, 712 W. Forty-third-st., at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 7.

President, Wm. Sullivan, 235 Washburn-av.
Vice President, Patrick Behan.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2703 Hickory-st.
Financial Secretary, Jas. E. O'Brien.
Treasurer, Mark Hardin.
Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth-st., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 8.

President, P. J. O'Sullivan, 117 E. Erie-st.
Vice President, Hugh J. Gleeson.
Recording Secretary, Eugene P. Nolan, 289 E. Erie-st.
Financial Secretary, O. J. Cullen.
Treasurer, R. G. McHugh.
Meets First and Third Saturdays each month at 62 N. Clark-st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 9.

President, D. M. Duggan, 329 Ninety-second-st.
Vice President, Thomas A. Foley.
Recording Secretary, Thomas White, 532 Ninety-fifth-st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Clark.
Treasurer, Owen Ahern.
Meets First and Third Fridays each month in Union Bank building, South Chicago, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 10.

President, P. J. Cummings, 4125 State-st.
Vice President, James Small.
Recording Secretary, Michael Maloy, 735 Dexter-st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Ryan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
Meets First Friday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth-av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 11.

President, Hugh J. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.
Vice President, James F. Murray.
Recording Secretary, Thos. E. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby.
Treasurer, Michael J. Connery.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays each month in Anchor hall, Grand ave. and Paulina st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 12.

President, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
Vice President, J. F. Lyons.
Recording Secretary, Mat Corcoran, 3827 Wentworth av.
Financial Secretary, P. B. Flanagan.
Treasurer, Rev. D. J. Crimmins.
Meets First and Third Wednesdays of each month at S. W. corner of Thirty-ninth st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 13.

President, John E. Long, 2991 Archer av.
Vice President, P. F. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Daniel Jordan, 2933 Archer av.
Financial Secretary, D. J. Sullivan.
Treasurer, S. J. Moloney.
Meets First and Third Thursdays each month in K. of P. hall, 3001 Archer av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 14.

President, P. J. Buck, 2218 Dearborn street.
Vice President, Ed J. Hanley.
Recording Secretary, F. J. Clingen, 6 South Lincoln st.
Financial Secretary, T. J. McGuire.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in Prosperity hall, Eighteenth and State sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 15.

President, James W. Breen, 5241 Morgan st.
Vice President, John Henry.
Recording Secretary, Michael Daly, 5511 Halsted st.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Shine.
Treasurer, Michael Duffy.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Mielhaussen's hall, 51st and Peoria sts.

DIVISION 16.

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Vice President, Patrick McMahon.
Recording Secretary, Jas. Flannigan, 811 E. Fortieth st.
Financial Secretary, James Meeney.
Treasurer, John J. McGinty.
Meets Fourth Sunday each month in Bishop's hall, 4652 Ashland avenue, at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 17.

President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth avenue.
Vice President, Lawrence Henely.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 3011 Wallace st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burke.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First and Third Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 18.

President, Martin Loftus, 2240 West Kinzie street.
Vice President, James Collins.
Recording Secretary, James Dineen, 2222 West Kinzie st.
Financial Secretary, James Donovan.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Last Friday of each month in Schoenhoffen's hall, Forty-third av. and West Lake street, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 19.

President, James Thomas, 4527 Dyer street
Vice President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Timothy Kelly, 3435 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, T. J. Waldron.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
Meets First Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S. Halsted street.

DIVISION 20.

President, Joseph J Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
Vice President, Michael Sullivan.
Recording Secretary, John J. Quinlan, 502 Twenty-sixth st.
Financial Secretary, P. McDonnell.
Treasurer, Michael O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday at 3901 Union av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 21.

President, Patrick Stenson, 1104 Clybourn av.
Vice President, Ed O'Connor.
Recording Secretary, David Madden, 83 Tyson av.
Financial Secretary, James Gayer.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays of each month in Kuehl's hall, Clybourn and Ashland avs.

DIVISION 22.

President, James Noonan, Lemont, Ill.
Vice President, J. S. Carrier.
Recording Secretary, T. H. Finegan, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, A. J. Runyon.
Treasurer, J. W. McCarthy.
Meets First and Third Sundays each month at 7 p. m. in School hall, in Lemont, Ill.

DIVISION 23.

President, William J. Doherty, 1259 W. Forty-seventh st.
Vice President, John McGaughan.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4961 Wood st.
Financial Secretary, James McCann.
Treasurer, Patrick Grace.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Schumacher's hall, 4650 Ashland av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 24.

President, John W. Farley, LaGrange, Ill.
Vice President, Michael Galvin.
Recording Secretary, P. W. Rowe, Box 312, LaGrange, Ill.
Financial Secretary, Edward Dooley.
Treasury, Patrick Close.
Meets the Second and Fourth Monday of each month in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill.

DIVISION 25.

President, William Mulligan, 723 W. Twenty-second st.
Vice President, John D. Maloney.
Recording Secretary, Thos. D. Fitzgerald, 1068 S. Robey st.
Financial Secretary, Terence Collins.
Treasurer, John T. Conway.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, W. Twenty-second and Robey sts.

DIVISION 26.

President, P. J. Reynolds, 5540 State street.
Vice President, Thomas Killoughy.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, W. F. Garrity.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets Second Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 27.

President, John Bigane, 1974 Thirty-ninth st.
Vice President, Patrick J. Moran.
Recording Secretary, Frank J. Mooney, 3658 Western av.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney.
Treasurer, John Larney.

DIVISION 28.

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Vice President, James Tracy.
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Financial Secretary, E. A. Craighton.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
Meets First and Third Wednesdays in DeSoto hall, VanBuren and Francisco st.

DIVISION 29.

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Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1329, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully.
Treasurer, Charles Corkey.
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DIVISION 30.

President, Thomas Heelan, 10810 Calhoun av.
Vice President, P. J. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday of each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av, 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 35.

President, Patrick F. Holden.
Vice President, Michael J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3656 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. O'Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday each month in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 36.

President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.
Vice President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Wm. H. McMahon, 5483 Lake av.
Financial Secretary, Bartley Owens.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays of each month, in Bagley's hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 37.

President, John P. Dohney, 6359 Honore st.
Vice President, Thomas Kelly.
Recording Secretary, John P. Deneen.
Financial Secretary, M. H. Hoey.
Treasurer, Patrick Prendergast.
Meets Second Thursday each month in Broomstead's hall, Sixty-third and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

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The old Meeker house, at Lyons Farms, is claimed by that family to be the oldest house in New Jersey—not one of the oldest, but the oldest. It is now occupied by William Gummon, who is a lineal descendant of the original Meeker, who held his patent from the crown.

There is an amusing incident connected with this patriarch which gave rise to the building of the house in question. He was originally of the Connecticut colony, and, being the owner of a small sloop, his fishing excursions sometimes extended far into the Sabbath day. This did not meet with the ideas of those days, so he was fined several times, and more severe punishment was threatened if he did not attend divine worship regularly and cease his labors on the Lord's day.

But one dark night Meeker placed all his goods on board his boat and sailed away. He settled in New Jersey and there erected the house which still stands. The precise year in which it was built is not known, but one of Mr. Gummon's ancestors was born there in 1677.

The roof of this curious old farmhouse has been renewed many times, but the side walls of cedar shingles remain as they were put on by the old man, with hand wrought nails, more than two centuries ago and are yet in very fair condition. Inside some rooms are wainscoted with tulip poplar. The ceilings are low. The double doors still swing on the strap hinges which first held them in position, while other surroundings are in strict keeping with the antiquated appearance of the place.

Beside the well sweep stands a large stone, hollowed out like a basin, in which many generations have cleansed their hands and faces at the well after the fashion of former times.—New York Herald.

Out of Their Reach.

"I wonder how she manages to keep her youthful bloom with such a large family of children."

"Upon a high shelf, I suppose."

Far away the music of the ball rose softly, and that was all.—Detroit Tribune.

The merit of originality is not novelty; it is sincerity. The believing man is the original man; he believes for himself, not for another.—Carlyle.

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Rustle Taffeta, the regular 9c quality, Opening Sale Price..... 4½c
Lace Curtains, 100 pairs, special for our Opening Sale..... 29c
Sterling Silver Belt Pins, worth 20c, Opening Sale Price..... 10c
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Ladies' Full Size Gingham Aprons, worth 20c, Opening Sale Price... 8c
Children's Hosiery, in black and colors, 3c pair, two pair for..... 5c
Ladies' and Children's Swiss Ribbed Vests, worth 12½c, Opening Sale Price..... 3c
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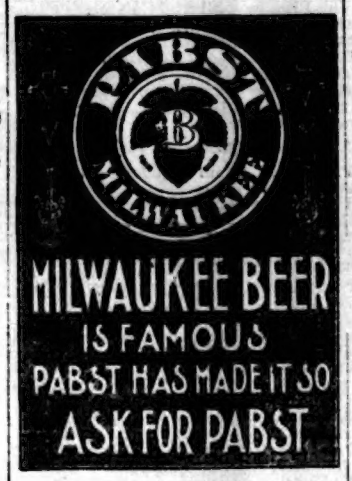

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